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THE LATE GENERAL SIR EDWARD BRUCE HAMLEY, K.C.B.

Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Future, a journal of predictive science, suggests that disasters such as the loss of the *Victoria* would be largely prevented if the Admiralty would select favourable moments for launching her Majesty's ships, and to this end recommends an astrologer. In the meantime it is so good as to name favourable dates for country excursions, school treats, and beanfeasts; also to warn persons who were born on Oct. 30 from water excursions. There is nothing (of course) too high for the astrologer, and nothing, it seems, too humble. Of one gentleman of repute it states that "the opposition of the Sun and Moon at birth accounts for the manner in which he has been misunderstood"; but surely to have been born at all under such extremely adverse circumstances—in the teeth, as it were, of two heavenly bodies—is greatly to his credit. In Prince George's case "the Moon and Mercury are both disposed of by Venus, who therefore claims dominion over his mental temperament." This sounds a little alarming, but it seems that Venus, "being dignified" (though surely not always!), renders his disposition "benignant, fond of dancing, jealous, and entirely amiable."

Astrology in England is one of the few quack sciences that have not been revived, but at one time it was greatly patronised by the Court as well as being "a favourite superstition with the learned." Lilly, the Sidrophel of the author of "*Hudibras*," was consulted as to the hour propitious for Charles the First's escape from Carisbrook. In his autobiography he informs us what, in view of recent Parliamentary statements, should be of public interest, that in his various experiences with angels, "their voices resembled that of the Irish." He himself got into trouble with the House by prophesying its fall in his Almanac for 1650; but, on being charged with this heinous offence, contrived to cancel the page, print off another, and show his copies before the committee, assuring them that the earlier sheets were forgeries. The learned Gataker endeavoured to expose this charlatan, but failed to injure his popularity; and, indeed, Lilly had the last word in the controversy, for he protested that the line in his August Almanac—

Here in this tomb lies a presbyter and a knave,
was a prediction of Gataker's death, which took place in that month. In the French Courts belief in astrologers was carried to an absurd extent in the seventeenth century. One of these magicians having assured Charles IX. that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, his Majesty, we are informed, "every morning performed that exercise; the principal officers of the Court, the judges, the chancellors, the generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round."

I am afraid that the "gentlemanly boy" who wished to enliven somebody's home in the holidays has not been "snapped up," as his parents fondly expected, by anybody. I feel pretty sure that he is advertising again for something else. "Gentleman's son (poor) would be glad to look after garden, cob, help on yacht, or be useful companion. Willing to rough it." This has a much more practical air than the other. But why "cob"? It seems strange that one so willing to turn his hand to anything should be so particular in horseflesh. A cob, to be sure, is not so dangerous to groom as an Arab, but an amateur in that line, one would think, would prefer a cow. As a help on board a yacht, I doubt his capabilities, for it is clear "a parent in adverse circumstances" could never have kept one. But perhaps this is a device for providing for his offspring for good and all. Another "intelligent youth," probably a younger brother, is advertised as an acquisition in the same paper. "Wears spectacles," says the announcement (perhaps as an attraction to employers), and apparently nothing else.

The inhabitants of St. Louis who undertook the rôle of adjudicators at its Baby Show the other day only on the understanding that they should be allowed to get clear away before the prize-giving, were well qualified for their office as being good judges of human nature. Much as a woman resents the want of appreciation of her own charms, she is still more sensitive about those of her offspring; and, considering how tempting is opportunity, the committee showed especial sagacity in bargaining for "time to get clear across the bridge and away from the river." Their prudence was justified by the result, for they were "wanted" within five minutes of the publication of the honour list by several mothers of unsuccessful babies for explanations. It is difficult enough for an editor to persuade a would-be contributor that his manuscript is "unadapted to our columns," but his task would be easy compared with that of convincing a mother of the shortcomings of her child. It is certain, however, that "Bobby" or "Tommy," however frequently he may be the topic of his mamma's tongue, is not the nuisance he was wont to be to her friends. He is not now present at our meals, to the destruction of intelligent conversation, nor is he even introduced at dessert—a period at which the average man would barter half-a-dozen children for one cigarette. It was on some such occasion, no doubt, that, finding

his tobacco delayed by the presence of some juvenile miscreant, Charles Lamb astonished its parents by drinking the health of Herod, King of the Jews.

Among the new callings that are so often presented to our notice, it seems strange that no one has started an agency for the composition of advertisements. Considering the immense sums spent upon this industry, it is curious how its literature has been neglected; there are scarcely any announcements, even by the best houses, without some doubtful meaning in their construction, if not some gross grammatical error. The most lavish advertisers seem to grudge a guinea to make themselves intelligible. Under these circumstances, a graphic autobiographical description, such as the following, is welcome in one's advertisement sheet: "Housekeeper, unpaid, forty-two, experienced, seeks employment with bachelor or widower. Small means but highest references; musical, refined, obliging, not intrusive. Not Widow." What a tribute to genius, in connection with the opinions of the elder Mr. Weller, is contained in those two last words!

Humour, like heroism, is found in the most unexpected places, even in the agony column of one's daily paper. Here is a delightful example: "My dear and faithful friend of twenty years, I cannot think we are never to meet again. Pray, pray, send your present address. I believe I am wrong in your name, as London letter was returned." Memory is notoriously untrustworthy, but to be "wrong in the name" of a friend of twenty years' standing is surely a little unusual. I know no other example of it save in poetry, where the bard, in looking over the love-tokens of his early days, bursts into tears over a dead flower. He remembers the summer's day on which it was given him, down to the quarter in which the wind was blowing; he recalls the kisses which he gave the lady of his love in return for it, and the tears stream down his sensitive nose as he thinks of them; and yet—and yet—he can't think "who the deuce it was who gave him that forget-me-not."

A similar catastrophe indeed, but not to the same extent, often happens to those who admire one's immortal works. Some admirer writes: "Your books have been a solace to me in sickness and a delight to me in health. I seem to have known you all my life, as though you were my brother. Millions doubtless appreciate you, but not as I do," and so on. Our correspondent never asks anything in return for this outburst of affection, or hardly ever. Occasionally, it is true, with his letter arrives a manuscript, for which he ventures to think our literary influence may obtain publication, "and the usual rate of payment"; but in the majority of cases his sole object is to show how familiar he is with us. And yet—and yet—it is so very unfortunate that he spells one's name wrong; only one or two letters, perhaps, here and there, but in a manner that certainly does not suggest an intimate acquaintance.

Mr. Du Maurier, when one of these devotees addressed him as De Maurier, is said with equal wit and good-nature to have adjured him to "give the devil his Du," but as a general rule it annoys a celebrity to be "called out of his name." Charles Reade used bitterly to complain that his most passionate admirers often gave him one letter too little, and that "harbitorary gent," John Forster, expressed himself still more strongly to the same effect. If things that here befall move his great soul at all, Shakspeare, whose name is spelt by his worshippers all sorts of ways, must suffer particular irritation.

It is amazing, by-the-bye, that Shakspeare, by implication, speaks of names as of no consequence. They are of very great consequence, and not only in real life but in literature, for a "taking title" has often sold a bad book. Voltaire tells us that it is impossible to feel the proper enthusiasm for the founders of Helvetic freedom, who bear such names as Melchtd, Stauffacher, and Valtherfurst; and I confess that my interest in the heroes and heroines of Russian novels is in inverse ratio to the number of syllables of which their names consist. John Wilkes observes: "The last city poet was Elkanah Settle, a name so queer that he cannot expect much from it. We should give the laurel to John Dryden rather than to him, for the names only, without reference to their merits." Isaac Disraeli tells us of an honest American citizen called Timothy Dwight, who had the courage to write an epic, but could get nobody to read it because of his name; but this sounds a little fanciful. It is now difficult to think of Dickens unassociated with genius, but the name itself, to start with, was at least not in favour of its wearer. A writer almost as great in France thought it prudent to change his own name of Guez (a beggar) to that of a locality, Balzac. A man of letters once began an epic upon the subject of Drake's discoveries, but gave it up after a canto or two, "because he found his hero's name impossible." The Long Parliament, it is notorious, owed half its unpopularity to the contemptuous name bestowed upon it. Nevertheless, one of the few modern men of genius in Spanish politics, when ennobled, chose the title of Marquis of La Ensenada (which means, nothing), to show his contempt for the sounding titles of his fellow-Ministers. There is something even in the pronunciation of a name, though much more in its mispronunciation; as

when the minister electrified his congregation by depicting, with exaggerated pitifulness, the day when the lion should lie down with the little "ee-wee" lamb, instead of ewe lamb.

Those who are engaged in sham fights or autumn manoeuvres may be excused for feeling an interest in the question whether ball cartridge has or has not been served out to the opposing troops. This little mistake was, it seems, committed the other day at Aldershot, but either through the smallness of the error or the badness of the marksmen, no one was a penny the worse. Still, the youngest recruit in that engagement can now boast of having been under fire. We are told that General Gourko, who now commands at Warsaw, always recommends that on field-days a percentage of ball cartridge should be issued. "It would," he says, "make the men accustomed to the 'ping' of bullets, and teach skirmishers to make the most of cover." It would also be slightly dangerous to the spectators; but as they would be civilians, that is in Russia not worth consideration, while the loss of life among the military "would be a trifling cost to pay for such practical teaching." The General's advice is, at all events, disinterested, for there is no man more unpopular, or more likely to be "potted" on so favourable an occasion.

In a notice in these columns of "A Cathedral Courtship" the other day allusion was made to the astonishment of the authoress (American) at the openness with which love-making was carried on by 'Arry and 'Arriet in our parks and other public places. A countryman of hers writes to me that it had awakened his own surprise when in England, until he had received its explanation from 'Arry himself. "To the denizens of tenement and lodging-houses, the young men and women of our large cities, factory hands, and common labourers, there is no such thing as domestic privacy or even lack of interruption, while enjoying social intercourse. They live, eat, sleep, perform all domestic duties, in a crowd—in rooms where fathers and mothers, children and neighbours, are all jumbled together. To them a public park in the evening seems an arbour of privacy and delight. The to-and-fro passing of strangers out of sound of the voice is as nothing. To sit at dusk on a bench in the park, with no chance of interruption, is to them as much isolation as Napoleon had at St. Helena or my lord finds in my lady's boudoir. And the mere fact that strangers may see them love-making, but cannot hear them or molest them, is nothing at all." 'Arry used, of course, considerably more vigorous language, but his arguments, even as expressed by my informant, seem to be unanswerable. It is evidently impossible, under the above conditions, that 'Arriet's manners should have "that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere," but there is no reason why she should not be quite as respectable as to morals.

In exacting compensation from the King of Siam, the French Government might have shown a more delicate consideration for the fact of his being a family man. He is more married than was even Mr. Joseph Smith, of Mormon celebrity, having no less than eighty-eight wives, besides two "official" ones, the nature of whose duties is not explained, and seventy-two children. He has, moreover, fifty brothers and sisters and two hundred and twenty-six uncles and nephews, and by the custom of the country his Majesty is compelled to board these relatives. How he comes to have no aunts is not stated, but allowing for that single stroke of good fortune, his domestic burdens are abnormal, and should, one would have thought, have appealed to any Government calling itself paternal.

The latest discovery of medical science is a tear-pump. This ingenious instrument is used for the purpose of irritating the lachrymal glands and producing tears. In this respect it has for its rival the onion, but the tear-pump has no smell. It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the uses of this implement, if, as one concludes, it is portable and of moderate size. Upon the stage—where only half-a-dozen performers have hitherto been able to weep at will—it will be invaluable. In domestic life it will place the husband, as regards the display of emotion, upon equal terms with the wife: she may still have the advantage of him, so far as screaming is concerned—though through future improvements the tear-pump may even produce hysterics—but in the mere "fountain display," as the Crystal Palace posters term it, the eye-water will be on the same level. For wedding breakfasts such an instrument will be a godsend to guardians, who at present have sometimes a difficulty, not only in squeezing out a tear, but in concealing their satisfaction at their troublesome charges being off their hands; while for such duties as giving evidence to character or the preaching of charity sermons it will be indispensable. Judges who have to pass the last sentence of the law and do not possess the professional faculty of being moved to tears will doubtless invest in it; but where the tear-pump will come in most handy is to the ex-officio attendants at funerals or to those who have been disappointed in their just expectations. We shall be surprised indeed if it does not become an article regularly supplied by the undertakers, though they will hardly venture to put it in the bill. It will probably be made a matter of private arrangement with the mourner: "Use of tear-pump for the ceremony, two-and-six."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Only a visitor to the House can realise the intensity of the patriotic devotion which now absorbs her Majesty's faithful Commons. To listen to Mr. Bartley on one side and Mr. Whittaker on the other in such a temperate demands a patience, an heroic self-mortification, unparalleled since the days of mediæval ascetics. It struck Mr. Heneage as a happy thought to move that the preamble of the Home Rule Bill be omitted, and this gave Mr. Bartley an opportunity for one of those orations in which he has only one rival competitor. I should like to take a poll of the Strangers' Gallery to decide whether Mr. Bartley or Mr. Parker Smith has the greater facility in speaking without the shadow of an idea. There are men, both on the Ministerial and Opposition benches, who have a pretty gift for this kind of oratory, but they are not equal to the champions from North Islington and Partick. It is sublime to hear Mr. Bartley proclaiming the duty of maintaining "the great Empire which we have inherited." Somebody is moved to mirth apparently by the idea of Mr. Bartley's share in the heritage. The member for North Islington turns on the offender with bitter scorn. "Sir," he says, "whenever the British Empire is mentioned in this House, there are members who think it their duty to deride it." And so on for several minutes, till at length the Speaker gently hints that this has nothing to do with the preamble. Then Mr. Parker Smith gets his opening on the question of the Second Chamber. He is in favour of that institution. The provision in the Bill may not be satisfactory, but he is an advocate of the principle. There ought to be an Assembly in which people who represent certain property may "express themselves, argue, put their case," as Mr. Parker Smith phrases it, with a fine redundancy of expression which evidently fills Mr. Bartley with envy. But then Mr. Bartley has the satisfaction of having displayed genuine passion, which is perhaps somewhat foreign to Mr. Parker Smith's colder and more philosophical mind. "I speak warmly on the subject," said the member for North Islington on the preamble, and the House gasped faintly at the suggestion that Mr. Bartley was stimulating the thermometer.

These achievements have somewhat obscured the radiance of Mr. Tommy Bowles, though he moves about with all the dignity of white "ducks" under a tightly buttoned frock-coat. Mr. Tommy Bowles is striving hard to master the art of the Parliamentary impromptu. This is the wit which is carefully elaborated in the study, and then flashed upon the House at an opportune moment, which gives it the air of inspiration. Such a moment seemed to Mr. Bartley to have arrived when he rose to denounce Mr. Gladstone as "a *fin de siècle* Samson," and Mr. Morley as "a latter-day Delilah." But evidently there was some mistake as to the opportune moment, for the House remained perfectly impassive. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley carried on a conversation on the Treasury bench, unconscious of Mr. Bowles's withering sarcasm, and the Speaker awoke to the emergency only to remind the member for King's Lynn that all this brilliancy did not bear on the preamble. But Mr. Bowles is meditating a purgation for callous Ministers. He intends to propose some day that they shall not sit either in the Commons or the Lords. I have great hopes, however, that Mr. Bowles will relent. With what heart would he gaze at a Treasury bench unoccupied by the public servants whom it is his chief joy to chasten? What scope would there be for the profoundly conceived impromptu if Mr. Gladstone, for example, no longer sat there to receive the dart? It is not often that the Prime Minister ignores the zeal of Mr. Bowles and others for his edification and amusement. He has lightened the dreary hours of the Report stage by some touches of comedy, which have stirred a hot and listless audience into merriment. Among his many gifts Mr. Gladstone possesses that of mimicry, and his imitation of an Opposition speaker proposing an amendment was very entertaining. The gravity with which the paramount importance of the subject is always set forth was reproduced by Mr. Gladstone with a solemnity of voice and gesture which vastly tickled his friends and moved Mr. Balfour to appreciative mirth. The whole House was grateful for a little harmless diversion, and this may have encouraged Mr. Gladstone to a further effort, for at the next sitting he was ready with a similar performance. Lord Wolmer reminded him that certain words in an amendment were taken from his own Bill of 1886. Mr. Gladstone was full of comical amazement at this exhibition of the "true spirit of retrogression." To go back to a Bill seven years old was to act like "an ancient and petrified Tory." "And yet the noble lord flourishes the measure over my head in a menacing manner, as if it were one of the laws of the Medes and Persians, which alter not!"

As for serious business, we have devoted rather more than a week to the new clauses and have not made much way with the amendments on the Report stage. Mr. Gladstone has announced that it will be the duty of the Imperial Parliament to deal with the Irish land question within the three years during which that question is to be withheld from the control of the Irish Legislature. There are other matters, besides the slow progress of the Home Rule Bill, to give the Government cause for anxiety. The Welsh Liberals in the House show a disposition

to be distinctly unfriendly unless their demand for the precedence of Welsh Disestablishment in the Ministerial programme next year be conceded. Then the obstacles to the Autumn Session multiply every day, and the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords looms heavily on the horizon. Mr. Healy has made a gallant attempt to mitigate the inevitable by some badinage about Lord Salisbury's denunciation of an Irish Act which, as it happened, was passed by his own Government. But the situation in which Ministers find themselves cannot be saved by the humour of the genial "Tim."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

The command of the troops at Aldershot is bestowed on his Royal Highness General the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, K.G. None of our Princes, the sons of her Majesty the Queen and of the Prince Consort, has led a life of indolence. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, in the Royal Navy, and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, in the Army, have gone through as much professional study and active service as most officers of equal age; they have shown competent ability, skill, and judgment for the ordinary functions of posts of the highest rank. It



Photo by Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT ALDERSHOT: THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, WITH HIS FAMILY.

is not one in a hundred officers who will ever be called upon, in time of war, to prove himself a commander of rare genius; and to keep up the general standard of naval and military efficiency is a task of more constant diligence, without which our great war establishments would not, in case of need, save the interests of the nation. The two Princes can, and do, as well as other Admirals and Generals, aid this continuous work by their personal labours. The Duke of Connaught, who is forty-three years of age, has been in the Army since June 1868, after cadet instruction in the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Having rapidly made acquaintance, as a subaltern, with the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade of Infantry, he joined the 7th Hussars, becoming a Captain in April 1874, and Major in August 1875. Three years afterwards, being Colonel of the Rifle Brigade, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. In the Egyptian campaign of 1882, under Lord Wolseley, his Royal Highness commanded the first brigade, and had his first actual experience of war. He went next year to India, and held command of a division of the forces in Bengal. During four years, 1886 to 1890, as Commander-in-Chief of the army in the Bombay Presidency, his talents for military administration were conspicuously proved. Since that period, the Duke of Connaught has been in command of the Southern Military District of England. Residing at Bagshot Park, with the Duchess, third daughter of a great German soldier, the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, one of the heroes of the great European wars of 1866 and 1870, he has been blessed with three children, a son and two daughters; the eldest, Prince Arthur Frederick Patrick Albert, is now in his eleventh year.

SIR EDWARD HAMLEY.

The death of Sir Edward Hamley makes a gap in more than one particular. It cannot be said, perhaps, that Sir Edward made any conspicuous figure in politics. He represented Birkenhead from 1885 to 1886, and as a politician he showed all his characteristic zest. Somehow he was not so fortunate in speech as with his pen, and in the House of Commons he failed to make a reputation. But as a combination of literature and scientific soldiering Sir Edward Hamley's career was unique. He was in a fair way to make a name in fiction when he was ordered to the Crimea. The success of "Lady Lee's Widowhood" in *Blackwood's Magazine*, might have borne remarkable fruit had the author been able to concentrate his energies in piping times of peace. But the pen had to be laid aside for the sword. Sir Edward won laurels at the Alma and Inkerman, and wrote in *Blackwood* an admirable account of the Sebastopol campaign. In 1882 he was engaged in active service in Egypt, and commanded a division at Tel-el-Kebir. As a soldier Hamley was best known by his writings on military tactics, and it was doubtless on account of his mastery of the scientific side of his profession that he was appointed English Commissioner for the delimitation of the Balkans in 1879 and of the Russo-Turkish frontier in Asia Minor in 1880. As a man of letters Hamley had a very wide cultivation. Some of the most quoted of the old "Tales from *Blackwood*" came from his pen. In criticism he showed accurate knowledge and independence of thought. He was an authority on the drama, especially the Shaksperian drama, and one of the best pieces of its kind is his "Shakspeare's Funeral," in which it is difficult to praise too highly either the sympathetic insight into the poet's world or the artistic representation of character. Sir Edward was a keen sportsman, and his love of animals found expression in some of his best work. Few men of our time have displayed such a range of personal interests and such versatility of achievement. As a soldier, he received a series of distinctions. He was gazetted General in 1890, and he became K.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Grand Officer of the Medjidieh. But certain of his literary compositions will probably have a more enduring fame than any of his scientific or political successes.

THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH CANAL.

We have already noticed the opening, by the King of Greece, on Sunday, Aug. 6, of the new maritime communication between the Gulf of Corinth and the Saronic Gulf. It will not only benefit the Greek coast trade and that of Athens, but it shortens by 250 miles the voyage from the Adriatic, from Sicily, or from Malta, to Constantinople and to the Black Sea, avoiding the passage round Cape Matapan, which is often very stormy in the winter months. This important work, now accomplished by M. Matsas, a Greek engineer, for a Greek company of which M. Syngros is president, follows exactly the line of the canal begun eighteen centuries ago, but never completed, under the Roman Empire. Its length is only three miles and one-third of a mile, but the cutting had to be made in one part in a kind of sandstone rock, through high land 250 ft. above the sea-level, requiring great cost and immense labour. The canal is quite straight, in a north-west direction, and a sea-current runs through it at the rate, varying with the wind, of from half a knot to three knots an hour. The width at the bottom is 72 ft., and the depth of water will be uniformly 27 ft., but at present there are two places where it is only 19 ft.; this, however, will be corrected in a month or two. There are no sidings, consequently vessels will not be able to pass each other in it. The entrance on the Corinth side is protected by two moles, the heads approaching each other and leaving a passage 150 yards wide. At the other end, the entrance in the Bay of Kalamaki is protected by a single breakwater curving from the shore northward of it. The sides of the canal, for two miles and a half, are faced with solid masonry, and a path runs along each side. The canal is lighted along each side by electric lights, the pairs of lights being about three hundred yards apart. Two new towns, Isthmia and Poseidonia, have already been founded, one at each entrance to the canal. The bay looked very fine on the opening day, with all the vessels of war, three Greek cruisers, four torpedo-boats, three British vessels of war, and one Russian, besides several steamers, which had come from Athens for the event. There was a ribbon stretched across the entrance to the canal. The Queen of Greece cut the ribbon with a pair of gold scissors, after which the royal party re-embarked, and the procession of ships passed through; the King, on board the *Sphacteria*, being followed by Prince George of Greece, in charge of the flotilla of torpedo-boats, the Russian cruiser, and the British gun-boat *Sandfly*, and two or three merchant steamers. A grand luncheon was served at the other end on board the King's ship, the procession returned, and the various ships went back to Phalerum Bay.

The Empress Frederick of Germany, who has been staying at Athens with the King and Queen of Greece, and with her daughter, the Duchess of Sparta, has come home by way of the Corinth Canal to Trieste.

We are indebted to Lieutenant Hughes C. Lockyer, R.N., on board of H.M.S. *Fearless*, for sketches of these proceedings.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE; OR, "THE SECOND MRS. WIFE."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Driving up to Lord's Cricket Ground the other day, and lost in a "brown study" calculating the scores of times I had passed that way and the hundreds of matches I had seen played on the historic ground, I was hailed from a

to marry again. Contrary to the advice of his friends, he selects as his second partner in life a lady of somewhat questionable reputation. Edith Mühlberg has been on the stage, but there is no particular harm in that. The difficulty is that the unfortunate lady has, quite in her youth, been betrayed by a young man of good family. She was far more sinned against than sinning. In fact, she was more in the position of Denise than the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." She appeals to our sympathies as Bartet does in the

husband must be told. But she has not the courage to tell the truth. The sister suspects something is wrong from Edith's strange excitement on hearing the name of her sister-in-law's fiancé. Edith, of course, is the harassed and perplexed "Second Mrs. Wife"—a martyr, not a shrew. The fiancé arrives, and the "Second Mrs. Wife" has a private interview with him, in which she tries to persuade him to break off the engagement, or, at any rate, leave the place until she has told the dreadful truth to her husband.

At this point, still reading with my cigar still alight, I threw down the elaborate scenario. Would you believe it? I was transported in imagination to the St. James's Theatre, London, and saw the scene between Mr. Benjamin Webster and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with Miss Maud Millett hovering about in the background. The more I read Paul Lindau, the German, the more I recalled the masterpiece of English Pinero. But to proceed—

The young man engaged to Mr. George Alexander's German sister—not his English daughter, remember—refuses to leave the house just as, strange to say, Mr. Benjamin Webster did in the English masterpiece. His reason for refusing to go is that the woman to whom he is engaged will not let him do so. No matter what she knows or suspects, she deliberately refuses to give her future husband up. Whether he ruined a Denise or "kept house with" the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the sister of the hero intends to stick to her man through thick and thin. Edith, or the "Second Mrs. Wife," in despair at the course things have taken, commits suicide. In point of fact, she drowns herself. But she does not take her own life because it is impossible for her to live when she is getting old—which is, to my mind, a ridiculous suggestion, but because her husband, who has unearthed her secret, is brutal to her, taunts her with her confessed sin, and makes her life a hell—which is a true motive for suicide.

Edith, or the German "Second Mrs. Wife," is certainly not such a disagreeable and irritating creature as the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; she is more natural, more human, more in appeal with our sympathies. As I said before, in temperament, but never in action, she is more like the ruined Denise; but perhaps this shows originality and gives the English play the claim to be called the "finest dramatic work of the century." No doubt it is claimed so even in Germany, for Paul Lindau is over there the idol of the Teutonic Archers. Pinero's name is never mentioned in Berlin as the author of "Der Schatten." Or is the brilliancy of the English idea due to the fact that the "Second Mrs. Wife's" old lover, or seducer, is her husband's sister's fiancé and not his daughter's intended husband. These are, no doubt, fine points of debateable originality which will not escape notice.

I finished the scenario and the cigar; and, as I dreamed over the "strange coincidence," the words of my fair friend came back to me: "Why do you not adapt Paul Lindau's 'Der Schatten'?"

I am thinking of writing over to Paul Lindau to obtain his permission to give an English complexion to the German ghost, and to ask his terms in order to send him a cheque. But my difficulty is that when I have adapted Paul Lindau's play I may be very properly charged with plagiarism by Arthur Wing Pinero. The matter is a little complicated, but I doubt not that there is a very simple explanation of the mystery. Somebody told somebody else a story. It is ever so. And somebody never tells somebody else that this story is in a play or a novel. These somebodies are so forgetful. Perhaps Pinero's play was written long before Paul Lindau's. I am quite prepared to hear that. Why should not the same idea, scene for scene, occur to two dramatists? Possibly the plot was in the air and Blavatskied from England to Germany, or vice versa. There was an explanation ready to hand when some of us actually thought that "The Squire" reminded us of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." Somebody blundered then, if I mistake not, but Hardy's influence still hangs about "The Squire."

It was so foolish—was it not?—to mistake what seemed an innocent fact for a strange coincidence.

hansom. Strange to say, it was exactly opposite the pretty cottage in the St. John's Wood Road where the gifted Arthur Wing Pinero has written, and polished, so many of his brilliant plays, a veritable "rus in urbe," deserted now by the dramatist, and occupied by one of our most popular actresses and her excellent husband. It is a little embarrassing when indulging in a day-dream, and lost to matters mundane, to be waved at, nodded at, and gesticulated at, by a pretty woman whose face you scarcely recall and whose name you cannot remember. However, there was no help for it. She stopped her hansom and I was bound to stop mine. Such difficulties as these are transient after all. A face may be altered by the fashion of a hat or bonnet, by the method of wearing the hair, or by a dozen circumstances, but one look at the eyes, and the mutual recognition is complete.

Yes, it was an old friend that I had not seen for years. She had married and settled down comfortably in Germany, where she had become more passionately fond of dramatic literature than she had been even when I knew her as an enthusiastic girl in England. She had only just arrived in London, knew nothing of what was going on, and was evidently anxious to hear from me what was best worth seeing at the theatres. As for myself, I was dying to discuss the ethics of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" under the very gables of the house once owned by Arthur Pinero, and burning to describe the acting of Irving in "Becket," and of Beerbohm Tree in Oscar Wilde's admirable play "A Woman of No Importance." But there was no time. We had to part with the modern drama undiscussed.

"By-the-way, do you still adapt plays?" my kind friend asked.

"Well, I do and I don't. If I found a really good play to adapt perhaps I might be tempted to have another turn at an old and familiar business. 'Diplomacy' paid the proprietors, if it did not pay the adaptors."

"I can tell you a good play, then, and you ought to get it. It was produced with great success in Berlin about two years ago."

"Name?"

"Der Schatten."

"Author?"

"Paul Lindau."

"An excellent dramatist," I observed, "and a dramatic critic also."

"Quite right. You will like it. Get the play. Good-bye."

And so we parted at the gate of Mr. Pinero's old house in St. John's Wood Road. I inquired at several foreign booksellers, but the stock of Paul Lindau's "Der Schatten" ("The Phantom") had apparently all been sold out. But after a little delay the scenario came over from Germany, and it was under my thumb and the paper-cutter.

The scene changes. Behold me after dinner and over a cigar deep in "The Shadow" on a comfortable sofa. And this is the plot that I extracted from Paul Lindau's play—

An officer and Government servant, Freiherr von Brücken, who has been unhappy in his first marriage, determines

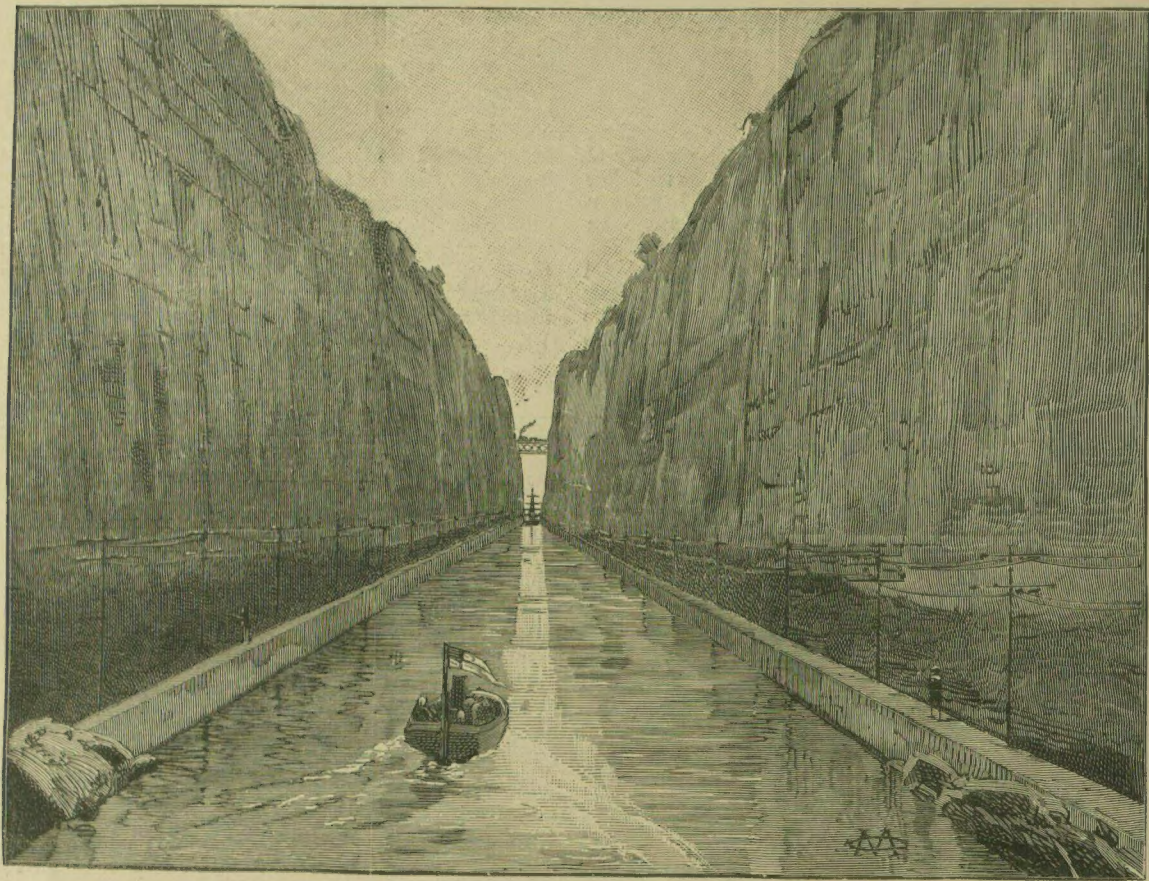
French play; she does not agitate our nerves and excite our reasoning powers as Mrs. Patrick Campbell does in what I am told by critics of authority is "the finest English play of the century." The "Second Mrs. Wife" confesses her sin to her husband before her marriage, but conceals the name of her betrayer. However, the husband, quite as good a fellow as Mr. George Alexander is in the work of genius just produced in England, which has so excited the critical doves, thinks to give his second wife self-respect again by marrying her—which he does.

The husband, so anxious to rehabilitate in society the lady of questionable reputation, has a sister—not a daughter this time by his first marriage—but a sister Ada, who lives with him, and is on a very friendly footing with his wife. While this sister—not daughter—is away from home she meets and becomes engaged to a man of some importance.

Why? would you believe it? this man engaged to the sister—not the daughter—of the hero of the play, the noble rehabilitating husband, was the former lover of the husband's second wife!

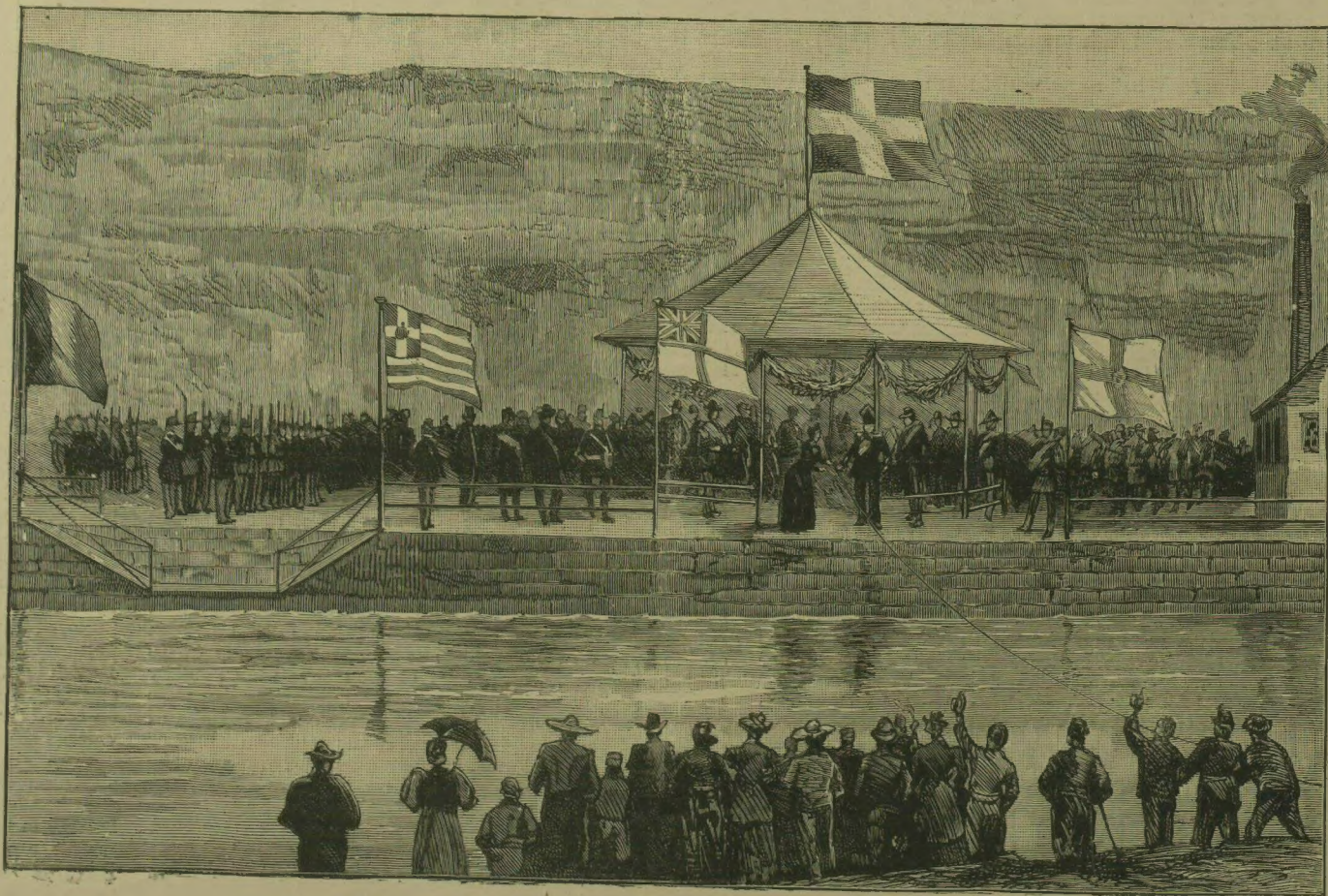
Dear me, what a strange coincidence, is it not?

The "Second Mrs. Wife," knowing that her husband's sister is engaged to the man who ruined her, feels that her



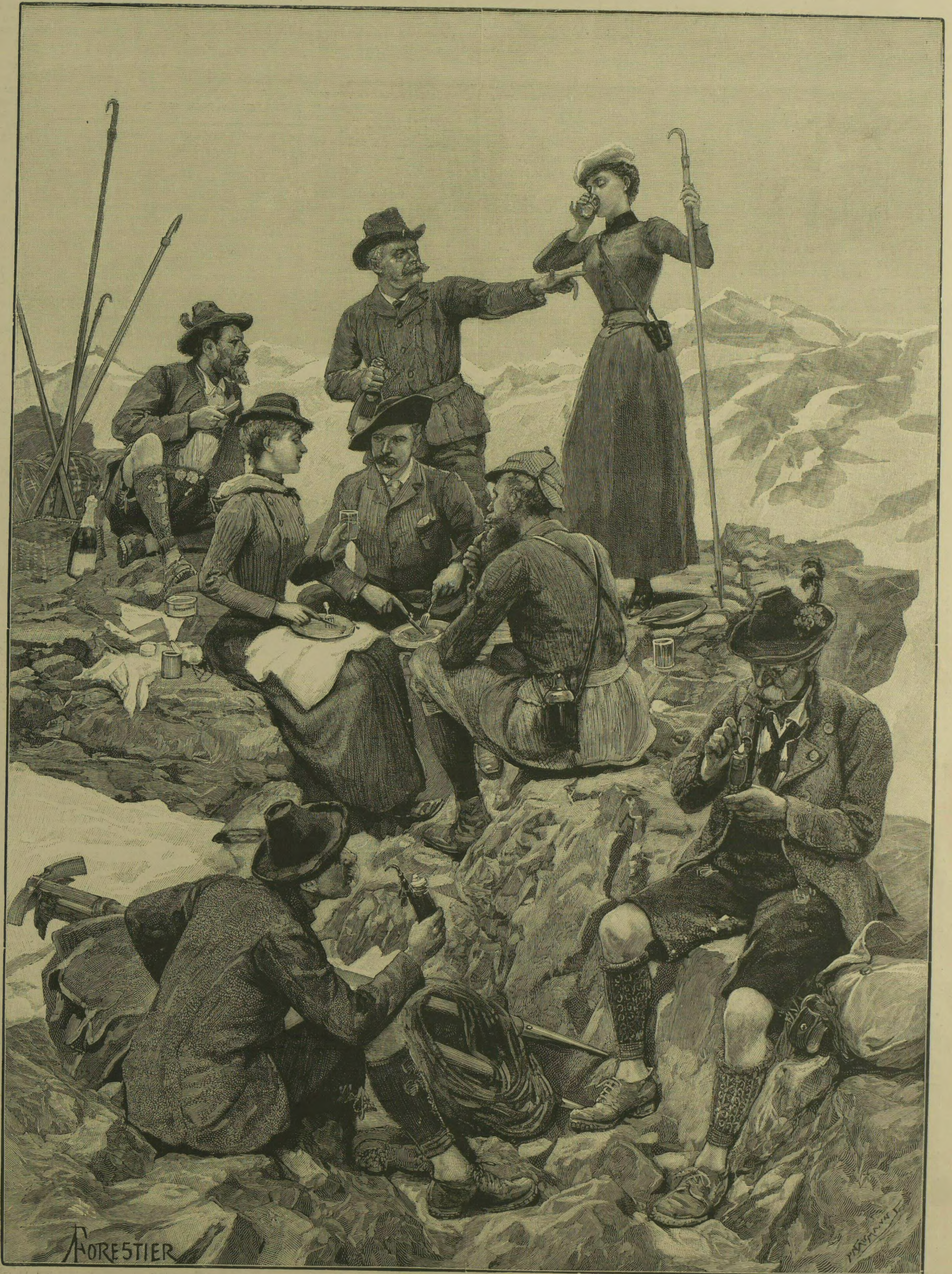
THE ISTHMUS OF CORINTH CANAL: VIEW LOOKING FROM THE KALAMAKI ENTRANCE.

See "Our Illustrations."



THE QUEEN OF GREECE CUTTING THE RIBBON AT KALAMAKI, TO OPEN THE CANAL.

See "Our Illustrations."



IN THE ENGADINE: A LUNCH ON THE MOUNTAINS.

PERSONAL.

Among the gentlemen knighted by her Majesty the Queen at Osborne House on Friday, Aug. 11, was Dr. Joseph Henry Gilbert, F.R.S., the eminent agricultural chemist, whose labours, during fifty years past, in conjunction with the systematic experiments conducted at great cost by Sir John Bennet Lawes, Bart., in the scientific farming at Rothamsted, near St. Albans, have conferred immense

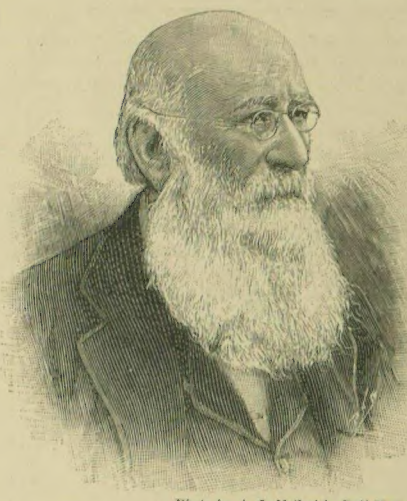


Photo by A. J. Mollish, Pall Mall.

SIR JOSEPH HENRY GILBERT, F.R.S.

benefits on modern agriculture. Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert, born at Hull, now seventy-six years old, began his studies of chemistry at the University of Glasgow, and continued them at University College, London, where he became laboratory assistant to the late Professor Anthony Todd Thomson, but he was also a pupil of the celebrated Baron Liebig, at Giessen. It was in 1843 that he first associated himself with the great and useful work of Sir John Lawes, a Hertfordshire country squire, who had also studied chemistry, and who had perceived the value of bone-dust and superphosphate of lime for manures. The reports and records of their prolonged experimental researches occupy more than a hundred papers contributed to the Royal Society, the Royal Agricultural Society, the Society of Arts, the Chemical Society, and the British Association of Science. Dr. Gilbert, in 1880, was president of the Chemical Section of the British Association, and he has twice or thrice been elected Professor of Rural Economy at Oxford University. His reputation is European, and there are few scientific institutions, at home or abroad, dealing with his branch of knowledge which have not chosen him an honorary member.

Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke was sentenced on Tuesday by the electors of Hereford to a further term of "hard labour" in Parliament. He is a welcome addition to the House of Commons, where he used to represent West Newington in a pleasantly independent fashion, although loyal on all great questions to the Conservative party. Mr. Cooke is fifty-two years old, and is a native of Herefordshire. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself. Twenty-one years ago he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, but the "bar and its moaning" does not disturb his equanimity. He presides over the Herefordshire Chamber of Commerce, and is a county magistrate, so that his success at the poll was quite appropriate. His clever picture of a member of Parliament's career was lifelike and amusing, winning a pretty compliment from the Prime Minister and a warm reception from the reading public. Mr. Cooke has also written at least two entertaining articles in the *Times*, very welcome contributions to the columns of our contemporary.

There is a certain ground for congratulation of Sir Joseph Pulley, Bart., on his defeat at the Hereford election, in the fact that such a veteran will not have to live laborious days and nights in the warm atmosphere of St. Stephen's. The Liberal candidate can also feel legitimate satisfaction in having fought a most honourable battle, which has only served to increase the high respect in which Sir Joseph is held in the county. The new member for Hereford cordially acknowledged the "most courteous consideration" which Sir Joseph Pulley had shown to him.

Sir Evelyn Wood, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., V.C., the new Quartermaster-General to the Forces, is the uncle of the present Sir Matthew Wood, and son of the second Baronet, and is fifty-five years of age. After leaving Marlborough College he entered the Royal Navy, and when only sixteen years of age he acted as aide-de-camp to the officers commanding the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol. Both the late Admiral Tryon and the new Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Fleet served in this Brigade. Sir Evelyn was present at the battle of Inkerman and was severely wounded in the assault on the Redan. After the Crimean War he left the Navy and received a commission as cornet in the 13th Light Dragoons. On attaining the rank of Major he was transferred to the infantry.

In the Indian Mutiny Sir Evelyn commanded the 1st Regiment of Beaton's Horse, and subsequently the 2nd Regiment of Mayne's Horse. His brilliant services in the various actions of this campaign were mentioned in despatches, and he was specially thanked by the Indian Government. He gained his V.C. for a daring deed in the Mutiny. In the Ashantee War Sir Evelyn raised and commanded "Wood's Regiment," and with it he took part in the march on Coomassie. His services in the Zulu Campaign of 1879 will not have been forgotten by the public. He landed at Alexandria soon after the bombardment, and took part in the operations near that city. On his return to England he received the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. Sir Evelyn also took part in the Sudan campaign of 1884-5. Subsequently he commanded the troops in the Eastern District, and he has now relinquished the command of those at Aldershot to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught. His command at the latter place has marked an era in the history of that great camp. Sir Evelyn was made a K.C.B. for his services in the Zulu War, and a G.C.M.G. for bringing the negotiations with the Boers to a peaceful settlement.

The sad suicide of Mr. Jefferson Lowndes recalls his distinction as an oarsman. He was for some years the holder of the Diamond Sculls at Henley, the very ideal of physical strength and skill. He appears to have lost the sight of one eye, and the apprehension of total blindness affected his mind to such a degree that he took his life.

Dr. William Clifford, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton, who died recently, was the second son of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh. He was educated partly at Stonyhurst College and partly at Rome. After spending some years at Clifton, Dr. Clifford was consecrated Bishop of the diocese by Pope Pius IX. in 1857. He took a prominent part in the controversy about Vaticanism, which sprang from the publication of Mr. Gladstone's famous pamphlet; and he wrote some essays in Scriptural criticism. His work lay for the most part, however, in the affairs of his diocese, where he was very popular among the Roman Catholic community.

A good story is told of one of Princess Christian's children. During some *tableaux vivants* at Windsor, the child, who was very much bored, said to her Majesty, "Oh, grandma, I'm tired of this! What are they doing it for?" "To amuse me, my dear," replied the Queen. The royal youngster gazed at her Majesty for a moment, and then inquired gravely, "But when are you going to amuse us?"

By the death of Carlotta Leclercq, the English stage has lost an actress of varied gifts. Miss Leclercq in her early days was one of the most brilliant coadjutors of Charles Kean, Phelps, and Fechter. She reached the height of her fame during Fechter's management of the Lyceum, when she played Ophelia, Pauline, Lucy Ashton, and other characters, in which she was unknown to the present generation of playgoers. In her later years Miss Leclercq became an admirable exponent of a particular class of stage "old women." Her family has made no inconsiderable figure in the theatrical world, for her sister, Miss Rose Leclercq, is, in a certain line of parts, one of the best actresses we have, and her brother, Mr. Charles Leclercq, is an old member of Mr. Augustin Daly's company.

One of the most popular and one of the best conducted of American illustrated weeklies is *Harper's Young People*, and for some time past it has been no small matter of pride to the Englishman landing in New York to discover that the editor who had so large a share in the mental and moral cultivation of young America was a fellow-countryman, a talented Oxonian, from Nottingham. Mr. Alfred Butler Storey, to whom we refer, died suddenly at New York of typhoid fever on Aug. 7, and a large number of friends in both worlds will deeply regret that his life was thus cut short at little more than thirty years of age. Mr. Storey was a member of the New York Universities Club, where he was untiring in his hospitality to English friends who crossed the Atlantic.

There are two literary announcements which are decidedly interesting. Mr. George W. E. Russell, M.P., has consented to edit a collection of Matthew Arnold's letters, and no better choice could be wished than so discriminating a writer. Mr. Russell was fortunate enough to win universal praise by his careful Life of Mr. Gladstone in the *Statesman Series*, in which he proved that close friendship need not always cloud the judgment of a critic. Messrs. Macmillan ask that letters of Matthew Arnold should be lent to Mr. Russell for incorporation in the book. Then the literary and political world should be glad to hear that a memoir of the late Mr. W. H. Smith—a fine type of an English gentleman whom strenuous Parliamentary life left untarnished—is being prepared by Sir Herbert E. Maxwell, Bart., M.P. In this case also the editor seems well selected for his work, judging from his previous achievements.

AND YET.

Let me forget! Why should I seek to hold
Thine image in the mirror of my mind?
For him who can no way to please thee find
To house such tenant were indeed too bold—
Let me forget!

Do I not know the magic of that smile;
The way that wayward colour comes and goes,
Fair Lady of the Lily and the Rose,
What time the souls of men thou would'st beguile;
Do I not know?

Thou shalt not reign, proud Queen, in this poor heart;
No rash oath of allegiance will I swear—
Though thou art beautiful beyond compare,
Thine art is nature, and thy nature art—
Thou shalt not reign!

And yet, and yet—how can I close my door?
It may be thou art weary and a cold:—
Come in! Come in! To welcome thee is bold;
But work thy will—I am thy slave once more—
And yet! And yet?

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

GRACE DARLING AND THE FARNES.

"She is not like any of the portraits of her," wrote William Howitt of Grace Darling, shortly after his visit to the Darlings at the Longstone Light. "She is a little simple, modest young woman, I should say of about five or six and twenty." Let us fill in the particulars with a little more precision. Grace Darling was not yet three and twenty when she performed the deed of which Mr. Swinburne sings so finely in the Summer Number of *The Illustrated London News*. Her height was just 5 ft. 2½ in. She was not like the accepted portraits of her, for the best of all reasons, for these were not portraits of Grace Darling herself, but of Grace Darling's cousin, who, living on the mainland, was more easily reached by artists in a hurry. Those were days when no great amount of exactness was insisted upon. The sketches in William Howitt's book, from which I have just quoted, resemble the scenery of the Farne Islands much as the bogus portraits resembled the heroic girl of Mr. Swinburne's swinging lyric. Nevertheless, there were artists who went out to the Longstone specially for the purpose of portraiture. One of these was Mr. John Reah, of Sunderland, and another was Mr. Robert Watson, whose early years were spent in a Farne Islands lighthouse, and who, after making a considerable artistic success in London, retired to spend his latter days in obscurity at South Shields. Mr. Watson, as the dates of his sketches prove, was at Longstone with the Darlings for the greater part of the month of October 1838, and his portraits of the Darling family, now, unfortunately, too faded for reproduction, were made within a few weeks of the wreck of the *Forfarshire*, and when Grace Darling can only have been reached by the first echoes of her fame.

In considering the event which made Grace Darling famous, one wonders why the *Forfarshire* was permitted to put to sea, and wonders still more why the skipper, discovering his vessel's unseaworthiness, did not put into one of the numerous ports between the Humber and the Tweed. She was a paddle-steamer of only 300 tons burden. At Hull, whence she sailed, a leakage had been found in her boilers. This was merely "faked up," as the shipyard expression has it. There were thirty-nine passengers on board, and a crew of twenty-two hands, besides the captain and his wife, and this freight of human beings was entrusted to a vessel whose boilers had been so carelessly cobbled that by the time Flamborough Head was reached—the voyage being from Hull to Dundee—the leakage was putting the engine fires out. By a resort to desperate means, the *Forfarshire* made way as far as St. Abb's Head, the most easterly point of Scotland. There the engines ceased to work, the fires were finally damped out, and, caught in a raging storm, the vessel drifted back over her course, and, leaving Holy Island behind, struck on the Harecar rocks, near to the Longstone Light, at three o'clock on a most terrible morning. Of the crew and passengers nine made their escape in a boat, and were picked up by a sloop from Shields. "Nine persons held on by the wreck," the lighthouse-keeper wrote in his log-book, "and were saved by the Darlings." All the others were drowned. Of his own and Grace's heroism William Darling's log-book contains no other record than the words just quoted.

Even on calm days at the Farnes it is not easy to land from a boat. The water sags downwards in an astonishing way, and he who is about to step to land finds himself sucked down a dozen feet or more. It was this sagging of the water, rather than the fury of the storm, which broke the *Forfarshire* to pieces. She parted amidships, and the stern, with quarter-deck and cabin, was instantly swept away. The forepart was wedged on a rock on which it is scarcely possible to stand, and which goes down sheer into the sea for the depth of a hundred fathoms or more. Every wave carried off some of the survivors. When the boat containing Grace Darling and her father hove in sight there remained four of the passengers and five of the crew. One heart-broken woman was holding two children to her breast. They had both been beaten to death by the waves.

To Grace Darling belongs the whole glory of that rescue. Her first task was to prevail over her father's reluctance and her mother's tears. William Darling, who died at Bamfborough in 1865, had the reputation of being one of the most morose and dogged men on the whole coast of Northumberland, and he believed that rescue was not only dangerous, but impossible. Nevertheless, when Grace leapt into the boat the father followed. "I shall blame you for a' this, Grace," said the mother, convinced that she would see neither husband nor daughter again. There was half a mile of terribly hard rowing between the lighthouse and the wreck. Many years afterwards William Darling said to one of his visitors that "he did not know how they would have got the boat back to the lighthouse against the tide had not some of the men whom they saved been able to row." Another Darling—Grace's brother—together with three other young men, had put off in a boat from North Sunderland. They reached the wreck three hours after the rescue, amid a gale so furious that they could not return for two days and two nights, finding refuge at the lighthouse in the meantime.

In the tall, red lighthouse on the Longstone Rock there is a little, neatly kept bed-room, into which one is permitted to look, because it was here that Grace Darling was awakened from her sleep by what she was persuaded were voices calling for succour. Her grave is in the quiet churchyard of Bamfborough, with a handsome monument above it. There, also, lie her parents and others of her folk. It was on Sept. 7, 1838, that the famous rescue was effected, and part of the simple inscription on the Bamfborough monument runs: "Grace Horsley Darling, their daughter, who died Oct. 20th, 1842, aged 25 years."

AARON WATSON.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne House, Cowes, on Sunday, Aug. 13, had the Prince and Princess of Wales and Princess Maud of Wales to dine with her. Their Royal Highnesses, who had been staying on board the royal yacht Osborne, next day returned to London, as did also the Duke and Duchess of York. The Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany have visited her Majesty. The Princess of Wales and her daughters go to Norway and Denmark.

The appointment of the Duke of Connaught to the Aldershot command is noticed elsewhere. On Friday, Aug. 11, there was a grand field day at Aldershot, under the command of Sir Evelyn Wood, the Volunteers in camp co-operating with the regular troops in some operations supposed to represent an encounter between an advancing northern force and a strong corps left to cover the retreat of a southern invader.

The contested election for the city of Hereford resulted at the polling, on Tuesday, Aug. 15, in a Conservative victory, Mr. C. W. Radcliffe Cooke obtaining a majority of 44, having 1504 votes against 1460 polled for Sir Joseph Pulley, the Gladstonian Liberal candidate. This is a loss of two votes to the Ministerial party in the House of Commons, as the late member, Mr. Grenfell, was formerly of that party. Mr. Radcliffe Cooke was M.P. for West Newington in the Parliament of 1886.

Mr. Gladstone, replying to a declaration of confidence in him, signed by 3535 Liberal members of the Irish Presbyterian Church, expresses the satisfaction with which he has received it, and observes that his opponents will shortly be undeceived in respect of their assumption of the homogeneity of what they call the loyal minority in Ireland.

Sir Henry James opened a new Conservative and Unionist Club at Eccleshall, Sheffield, on Saturday, Aug. 12, and spoke at a Unionist meeting in the Albert Hall. He said the Irish Home Rule Bill would shortly be read a third time in the House of Commons, but he protested against the idea that that House was responsible for the measure, since at least three-fourths of it had never been discussed at all. The House of Lords was bound to take cognisance of that fact, and to refuse to sanction a Bill which the representatives of the people had not really considered. Ireland had been bought and Great Britain had been sold.

A memorial addressed to the Queen, signed by 103,000 Irishwomen of all classes and of all religious creeds, expressing their sorrow and consternation at the possibility of the severance of Ireland, by a separate Parliament, from the Government of Great Britain, was deposited, on Aug. 12, at the office of the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

The award of the Bering Sea Arbitration Tribunal was issued on Aug. 15, at the French Foreign Office. By six out of the seven arbitrators it is decided that after the treaties of 1824 and 1825 Russia never asserted or exercised any exclusive jurisdiction in Bering Sea or any exclusive rights in the seal fisheries beyond the ordinary limit of territorial waters, and that Great Britain did not recognise or concede any such claim. The arbitrators are unanimous in deciding that Bering Sea was included in the phrase "Pacific Ocean" in the treaty of 1825; and six out of the seven decide that no exclusive rights of jurisdiction in Bering Sea and no exclusive rights as to the seal fisheries therein, were held or exercised by Russia outside of territorial waters after the date of that treaty. The arbitrators unanimously agree that all the rights of Russia in the eastern half of the Bering Sea passed to the United States after the treaty of 1867. Five out of the seven arbitrators—those of the United States dissenting—decide that the United States have no right of protection or property in fur seals frequenting the Bering Sea islands when such seals are found outside the ordinary three-mile limit. A majority of the tribunal have agreed to a series of regulations for the protection of the fur seals resorting to the Bering Sea islands, and have come to certain findings with respect to the claims for damages for injuries to their subjects put forward by the two Governments.

The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Stuart Knill, Bart., has been visiting Wick, in Caithness, the most northerly borough on the mainland of Scotland, where, on Aug. 12, he was entertained by the Provost in the Townhall, and was presented with the municipal freedom of Wick. On Tuesday, Aug. 15, he visited Chester, and was received by the Mayor of that city.

At Edinburgh, in the Scottish High Court of Justiciary, David Hobbs, a ship-broker, of Dundee, and Joseph Severn, a ship-captain, were sentenced to imprisonment, the former for seven years, the latter for five years, having pleaded guilty to the charge of scuttling and sinking ships for the purpose of defrauding insurers. There were five separate charges against them.

The annual report of the Church Missionary Society shows that it now occupies 402 stations, with 329 European clergy, 18 Eurasian clergy, and 284 native clergy, 71 European lay missionaries, and 134 European female missionaries, in addition to 250 wives of European missionaries. The native Christian teachers unordained number 4935, native Christian adherents, 189,815, and native communicants, 52,898. There are 1971 schools, which provide instruction for 81,236 scholars.

A deplorable railway accident, by which fifteen lives were lost and thirty persons injured, took place on Saturday, Aug. 12, at Llantrissant, on the Taff Vale Railway, South Wales. An excursion train, returning from Aberystwith to Cardiff, at five o'clock in the afternoon, ran off the rails, and six forward carriages fell down an embankment, rolling over each other. It was a horrible scene when the dead and wounded were taken up. Most of those killed were from Cardiff and Pontypridd, or the neighbouring places.

At the sea-bathing place of Port Eynon, on the Welsh coast of the Bristol Channel, on Aug. 12, three married ladies, with their children and two maid-servants, being in the water, one of them—Mrs. Williams, of Glasgow—was

in danger from a strong current. Not being out of their depth, the others joined hands in a line to reach and help her; but some were unable to hold on, the sea was too much for them, and the two servants were drowned.

The colliery wages dispute and the suspension of labour, with the rising price of coal, still cause much anxiety. In the Midland and South Yorkshire districts the strike is general. In Scotland a shilling a day additional has been conceded. In Wales there are now altogether about 60,000 men out, and the dissatisfaction is increasing daily. Work at the Llwyd Collieries has been forcibly stopped by an irruption of several thousand strikers, but the owners have applied for military and police protection, and the men have decided to resume work if such protection be accorded. The Welsh iron and tin plate works have generally had to suspend operations. Although the voting among the Northumberland and Durham miners is not yet completed, it is understood that there will be a large majority in both counties against entering at present on any conflict with the mine-owners.

Grouse-shooting began on Saturday, Aug. 12, and large numbers of sportsmen were on the moors from an early hour. On some of the Scottish moors birds were rather scarce, though healthy and strong on the wing; on others, and generally on the English moors, they were plentiful and in excellent condition.

Her Majesty's ship *Triumph* arrived at Portsmouth on Aug. 12, bringing home most of the survivors of the *Victoria*, all of whom, except three, sent to Haslar Hospital, were found available for duty; the seamen were taken on board the *Victory*, while the marines were conveyed to Gosport barracks.

The *Forth*, second-class cruiser, while proceeding in a dense fog from Torbay to Devonport on Aug. 12, came



SILVER STATUETTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: QUEEN'S PRIZE FOR ARMY RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

into collision with the steamer *Kirby*, of West Hartlepool. Both vessels received serious damage, but the *Forth* was able to tow the steamer into Plymouth Sound, where she was safely anchored.

The crew of the British steamer *Fernando*, of Newcastle, which was run down off the Mediterranean coast of France by a French war-ship, the *Cecille*, on July 25, have arrived in Liverpool. They say that their vessel was run down by the man-of-war in clear weather and in broad daylight, that she gave them no assistance whatever, and that after they were received on board they were not supplied with proper food.

The French Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, on Aug. 12, delivered a speech to his constituents, in which he insisted on "enlarging the Republic that all Frenchmen may enter it," and welcomed the "Rallied" who have come over to it from the ranks of Clericalism. He put forward a Ministerial programme, including a new law of associations, a measure for providing for superannuated workmen, and reform of the finances.

A letter from the Pope to Cardinal Léot, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has been published, in which his Holiness expresses his satisfaction that the voice of reason is prevailing over the false opinion that the Church is absolutely the enemy of the prosperity of France. He strongly condemns the attitude of certain Reactionists who, putting themselves forward as Catholics, have sought to "don the buckler of religion to be armed the better in their opposition against the power now so long established"—namely, the Republic, and repeats his exhortations to all patriotic French citizens to recognise and loyally preserve the Constitution as it is established.

At Berlin, on Aug. 15, the German Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, reviewed the Prussian Royal Guard Corps on the plain of Tempelhof. His Imperial Majesty is going to visit the Austrian Emperor on a hunting excursion in Hungary, where they will be joined by

the King of Saxony, and will occupy a steam-yacht moored in the Danube.

Distressing reports have reached Vienna regarding damage caused by the floods in Galicia and Upper Hungary. It is stated that the rivers have risen more than four metres over the normal high-water mark, inundating whole districts. In Upper Hungary still greater misery prevails. Four municipal districts, representing a surface of nearly 12,000 square kilometres, are completely under water. There has been much loss of life. Cattle, farm buildings, railway lines, and all descriptions of property have been swept away, and many of the inhabitants of the districts are ruined.

An altar, consecrated by the Archbishop of Turin, has been erected on the summit of Mont Blanc. The stone was carried up the mountain from Courmayeur, in the Val d'Aosta, by Piedmontese guides, accompanied by Monsignor Bonin, Vicar of St. Didier, and two other priests.

A violent earthquake, destroying some houses, took place in several districts of Southern Italy on Aug. 10, accompanied by a volcanic eruption on the island of Stromboli.

The United States Congress at Washington is now fully occupied with the silver currency debate proceeding both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. President Grover Cleveland has gone to the seaside for two or three weeks' rest.

A fire at Chicago, on Aug. 14, completely destroyed the Senate House Hotel, and eight persons lost their lives, some by jumping from the windows. On the day before there was a great fire at Minneapolis, on the Mississippi, by which two hundred houses and stores were consumed; the loss of property is reckoned at two million dollars.

At Witu, on the east coast of Africa, the authority of the British East Africa Company has been vindicated by a Naval Brigade expedition from Zanzibar. The stronghold of the insurgent chief, Fumo Moari, was stormed after a stout resistance, lasting two hours. Only two of the assaulting force were killed, but fifteen, including two officers, were wounded.

The British South Africa Company's agents in Mashonaland are still engaged in a controversy with Lobengula, King of the Matabele, concerning the recent invasion of their territory by an "impi" of his warriors. It appears that the King reproached his impi on their return for having run away from the whites at Fort Victoria, and publicly lamented the absence of a larger force of his men in the Barotse country. He has addressed a fresh communication to Mr. Moffat, again asking for explanations for the attack on his men. He says that he recognises no boundary, and expresses his intention of again sending an impi for the cattle of his Mashona slaves. He concludes by denying that his men killed any servants of the whites at Fort Victoria. In the meantime Dr. Jameson, the Chartered Company's administrator at Fort Victoria, reports that the loss to the white, during the raid, in stock, grain, and homesteads, is large, and that they look to the Company for compensation.

From India we learn that the fierce riots and deadly street-fights in the city of Bombay, provoked by religious enmity between the Mohammedans and Hindoos, have been suppressed. Fifteen hundred rioters are in police custody. On the Beloochistan frontier, upon the report of the Viceroy's agent, charged to make an inquiry into the accusations of cruelty brought against the Khan of Khelat, the Indian Government has decided that his Highness is guilty. His abdication is accepted, and Mir Mahmud, his eldest son, has been recognised as his successor. The position of the State remains otherwise unaffected.

In South Australia, the Treasurer of the Colony made his annual Budget statement in the Legislative Assembly at Adelaide. The revenue receipts for the year were £300,000 less than in the year preceding, and there was a net deficiency of revenue, compared with expenditure, of £164,000. A surplus of £6000 is anticipated for the next financial year.

At Melbourne, fresh informations for issuing a false balance-sheet have been sworn against Sir M. Davies, chairman, Mr. Millidge, manager, and all the other directors of the Mercantile Bank of Australia, with the exception of Sir Graham Berry. The magistrate declined to issue warrants for the arrest of the defendants until he had had time for consideration.

SILVER STATUETTE OF WELLINGTON.

Her Majesty the Queen has presented to the Army Rifle Association, for the prize to be won in shooting by teams selected from different regiments, an appropriate ornament, consisting of a solid silver equestrian statuette, copied from Wyatt's well-known colossal statue of the great Duke of Wellington, mounted on his horse Copenhagen, which was erected in 1846 upon the top of the arch at Constitution Hill, Hyde Park Corner, and which has been removed to the camp at Aldershot. The group, horse and rider, in the silver model is twenty-one inches high, standing upon an ebonised pedestal, which bears silver shields to be inscribed with the winners' names, and a record of the Queen's gift. The whole, enclosed in a handsome oaken case, has cost £250, and has been manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., of Regent Street.

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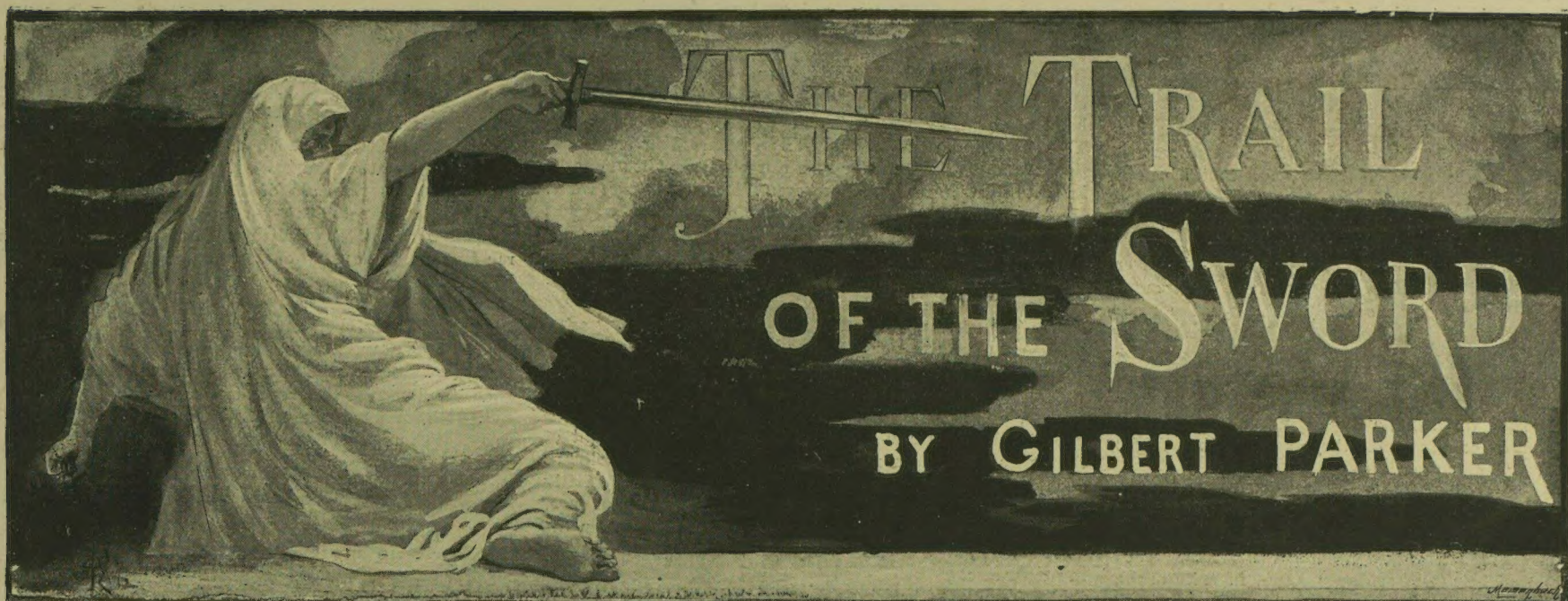
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"SUNSHINE."—BY H. KOCH.



CHAPTER X.

WITH THE STRANGE PEOPLE.

After this came varying days of hardship by land and water, and then another danger. One day they were crossing a great northern lake. The land was sweet with the sweat of quick-springing verdure. Flocks of wild fowl rose at all points, and herds of caribou could be seen drinking and feeding on the shore. The cries of herons, loons, and river-hens came distantly to them, so soft was the atmosphere, and the exquisite blue was like none to be seen elsewhere.

As they paddled slowly along this lake, keeping time to their songs with the paddles, there suddenly grew out of the distance a great flotilla of canoes, with tall prows, and behind them a range of islands which they had not before seen. The canoes were filled with men—Indians, it would seem, by the tall feathers lifting from their heads. A moment before there had been nothing. The sudden appearance was even more startling than the strange canoe that crossed their track on Lake of the Winds. Iberville knew at once that it was a mirage, and the mystery of it did not last long even among the superstitious. But they knew now that somewhere in the north—presumably not far away—was a band of Indians, possibly hostile. The French were about fourscore.

There was the chance that the Indians were following or intercepting them. Yet, since they had left the Ottawa River, they had seen no human being, save in the strange canoe on Lake of the Winds. To the east were the dreary wastes of Labrador; to the west were the stern, desolate plains and hills, stretching to Lake Winnipeg and the valley of the Saskatchewan.

Practically in command, actually subordinate to Chevalier de Troyes, Iberville advised watchfulness and preparation for attack. Presently the mirage faded away as suddenly as it came.

For days again they marched and voyaged on, seeing still no human being. At last they came to a lake, which they crossed in their canoes. Then they entered the mouth of a small river, travelling northward. The river narrowed at a short distance from its mouth. At a certain point the stream turned sharply. As the first canoe rounded the point it came full upon half a hundred canoes blocking the river. Indians with bended bows filled them. They were a Northern tribe that had never before seen the white man. Tall and stern, they were determined-looking enemies; but they had no fire-arms, and, as could be seen, they were astonished at the appearance of the little band, which, at the

command of De Troyes, who, with Iberville, was in the first boat, came steadily on. Suddenly brought face to face, there was a pause, in which Iberville, who knew several Indian languages, called to them to make way.

He was not understood, but he had pointed to the white standard of France, flaring with the golden lilies; and perhaps the drawn swords and the martial appearance of the little band—who had donned their gayest trappings, it being Iberville's birthday—conveyed in some way his meaning. He tried several languages, but all to no purpose. The bows of the strangers were drawn, awaiting word from their leader. Near the chief stood a man seven feet in height, who seemed a kind of bodyguard. This man presently said something in his ear. He frowned, then seemed to debate, and presently his face cleared. He raised a spear, saluted the French leaders, and then pointed towards the shore, where there was a space clear of trees, a kind of plateau. De Troyes and Iberville, thinking that a truce and parley were meant, returned the salute with their swords, and presently the canoes of both parties made over to the shore. It was a striking sight: the stern, watchful faces of the Indians, who showed up grandly in the sun, their skin like fine rippling bronze as they moved; their tall feathers tossing, rude bracelets on their wrists, while



Suddenly, brought face to face, there was a pause, in which Iberville, who knew several Indian languages, called to them to make way.

some wore necklets of brass or copper. The chief was a stalwart savage, with a proud, cruel eye; but the most striking figure of all—either French or Indian—was that of the chief's bodyguard. He was, indeed, the Goliath of the tribe, who, after the manner of other champions, was every ready for challenge in the name of his master.

He was massively built, with long powerful arms; but Iberville noticed that he was not powerful at the waist in proportion to the rest of his body, and that his neck was thinner than it should be. But these were mere items, for altogether he was a splendid piece of humanity, and Iberville said as much to De Casson, involuntarily stretching himself up as he did so. Tall and athletic himself, he never saw a man of calibre but he felt a wish to measure his strength against him, not for vanity's sake, but through the mere instinct of the warrior. Priest as he was, it is possible that De Casson shared the young man's feeling, though chastening years had overcome many impulses of his youth.

It was impossible for the French leaders to guess how this strange parley would end, and when many more Indians suddenly appeared on the banks they saw that they might have tough work before them.

"What do you think of it, Iberville?" said De Troyes.

"A juggler's puzzle: let us ask Perrot," was the reply.

Perrot confessed that he knew nothing of this tribe of Indians. The French leaders, who had never heard of Indians who would fight in the open, were, in spite of the great opposing numbers, in warrior mood, although they needed all their strength for the forts at Hudson's Bay.

Presently all the canoes were got to land, and without any demonstration the Indians filed out on the centre of the plateau, where were pitched a number of tents. The tents were in a circle, surrounding a large clear space of ground, and in the middle of this the chief halted. He and his men had scarcely noticed the Frenchmen as they followed, apparently trusting the honour of the invaders, that they would not attack from behind. It was clear that they were unacquainted with the white man. It was they who had been seen in the mirage. They had followed the Frenchmen, had gone parallel with them for scores of miles, and had, at last, at this strategic point, waylaid them.

The conference was short. The French ranged in column on one side, the Indians on the other, and then the chief stepped forward. De Troyes did the same, and not far behind him were Iberville, Saint Hélène, Maricourt, and Perrot. Behind the chief was the champion, then, a little distance away, on either side, the Indian councillors.

The chief presently waved his hand proudly towards the armed warriors behind him, as if denoting their strength, meanwhile speaking in his own language, and then, with effective gesture, remarking the handful of French. Presently pointing to his fighting man, he appeared to ask that the matter be settled by single combat.

The French leaders understood. Goliath would have his David. The champion suddenly began a sing-song challenge, during which Iberville and his comrades hastily conferred.

The champion's eyes ran up and down the line, and lighted on the large form of De Casson, who calmly watched him. Iberville saw this look, and could not help but laugh, though the matter was serious. He pictured the good Abbé as the champion of his band! The champion, seeing this, began to beat defiantly upon his breast with the flat of his hand.

At that moment Iberville threw off his coat, and motioned his friends back. Immediately there was a protest. They had not known quite what to do, but Perrot had offered to fight the champion, and they, supposing that it was to be a fight with weapons, had hastily agreed. It was apparent, however, that it was to be a wrestle to the death. Iberville hastily quelled all protests and insisted on fighting. They stepped back, leaving him alone. There was a final call from the champion, and then he became silent. From the Indians rose one long cry of satisfaction, and then they too became silent; the chief fell back, and the two men stood alone in the centre. Iberville, whose face had gone grave, went to De Casson and whispered to him. The Abbé grasped his hand and gave him his blessing, and then he turned and went back. He waved his hand to his brothers and his friends,—a gay Cavalier-like motion,—and then took off all except his small clothes, and stood out.

Never was seen, perhaps, a stranger sight: a gentleman of France ranged against a savage wrestler, without weapons, stripped to the waist, to fight like a slave or gladiator. But this was a new land, and Iberville could ever do what another of his name or rank could not. There was only one other man in Canada who could do the same—old Count Frontenac himself, who, dressed in all his Court finery, had danced a war-dance in the torchlight, flourishing a tomahawk, with Iroquois chiefs.

Stripped, Iberville's splendid proportions could be seen at advantage. He was not massively made, but from crown to heel there was perfect muscular proportion. His admirable training and his splendidly nourished body—cared for, as in those days only was the body cared for—promised much, though in the lists against such a huge champion. Then, too, Iberville had in his boyhood practised wrestling with Indians themselves, and had learned all their tricks. Added to this were methods learned abroad, which might prove useful now. Yet anyone, looking at the two as they stood there, would, in apprehension, have begged the younger man to withdraw.

Never was battle shorter. Iberville, too proud to wait, too determined to give his enemy one moment of athletic trifling, ran in on him. For a moment they were locked, and then the neck of the champion went with a snap, and he lay dead in the middle of the green.

So dumbfounded were both the Indians and the French that for a moment no one stirred, and Iberville went back and quietly put on his clothes. But soon cries of astonishment and mourning came from the Indians, and weapons threatened. But the chief waved aggression down, and came forward to the dead man. He looked for a moment, and then Iberville

and De Troyes approached. He gazed at Iberville in wonder, and, all at once, reached out both his hands to him. Iberville took them and shook them heartily.

There was something uncanny in the sudden death of the champion, and Iberville's achievement had conquered these savages, who, after all, loved such deeds though at the hand of an enemy. And now the whole scene was changed. The French courteously but firmly demanded homage, and they got it, as the superior race can always get it from the inferior when circumstances are, even distantly, in their favour. Here there was martial display, a band of fearless men, weapons which the savages had never seen before, trumpets, and, most of all, a chief who was his own champion, and who had snapped the neck of their Goliath as one would break a straw.

From the moment Iberville and the chief shook hands they were friends, and after two days, when they parted company, there was no Indian among all this strange tribe but would have followed him anywhere. As it was, he and De Troyes preferred to make the expedition with his handful of men, and so parted with the Indians, after having made gifts to the chief and his people. The most important of these presents was a musket. The chief handled it at first as one would some deadly engine. The tribe had been greatly astonished at hearing a volley fired by the whole band at once, and at seeing caribou shot before their eyes. But when the chief himself, after divers attempts, shot a caribou, they stood in proper awe.

With mutual friendliness they parted. Two weeks later, after great trials, the band emerged on the shores of Hudson's Bay almost without baggage and starving.

CHAPTER XI.

OUT OF THE NET.

The last two hundred miles of their journey had been made under most trying conditions. Accidents had occurred to the canoes which carried the food, and the country through which they were passing was almost devoid of game. During the last three days they had little or nothing to eat. When, therefore, one night they came suddenly upon the shores of Hudson's Bay, and Fort Hayes lay silent before them, they were ready for desperate enterprises. The high stockade walls with stout bastions and small cannon looked formidable, but there was no man of them but was better pleased that the odds were against him than with him. Though it was late spring, the night was cold, and all were wet, hungry, and chilled.

Iberville's first glance at the bay and the fort brought disappointment. No vessel lay in the harbour, therefore it was probable that Gering was not there. But there were other forts, and this one must be taken meanwhile. The plans were quickly made. De Troyes divided his forces. Iberville advised a double attack: an improvised battering-ram at the great gate, and a party to climb the stockade wall at another quarter. This climbing party he would himself lead, accompanied by his brother Saint Hélène, Perrot, and a handful of agile woodsmen. He had his choice, and his men were soon gathered round him. A tree was cut down in the woods some distance from the shore, shortened, and brought down, ready for its duty of battering-ram.

The night was beautiful. There was a bright moon, and the sky by some strange atmospheric effect had taken on a green hue, against which everything was outlined with singular distinctness. The air was placid, and through the stillness came the low humming wash of the water to the hard shore. The fort stood on an upland, looking, in its solitariness, like some lonely prison-house, where men went, more to have done with the world than for punishment. Iberville was in that mood wherein men do stubborn deeds, when justice is more with them than mercy, and selfishness than either.

"If you meet the man, Pierre?" De Casson said before the party started.

"If we meet, may my mind be his, Abbé? But he is not here—there is no vessel, you see! Still, there are more forts on the bay."

The band knelt down before they started. It was strange to hear in that lonely waste, a handful of men bent on a deadly task singing a low chant of penitence—a "Kyrie Eleison." Afterwards came the benediction upon this buccaneering expedition, behind which was one man's personal enmity, a merchant company's cupidity, and a great nation's lust of conquest.

Iberville stole across the shore and up the hill with his handful of men. There was no sound from the fort. All were asleep. No musket-shot welcomed them, no cannon roared on the night. There was no sentry. What should people on the outposts of the world need of sentries, so long as there were walls to keep out wild animals? In a few moments Iberville and his companions were over the wall. Already the attack on the gate had begun, a passage was quickly forced, and by the time Iberville had forced open the doors of the block-house, his followers making such a wild hubbub that it might seem a thousand men were attacking, De Troyes and his party were at his heels. Before the weak garrison could make any resistance, they were in the hands of their enemies, and soon were assembled in the yard—men, women, and children.

Gering was not there. Iberville was told that he was at one of the other forts along the shore: either Fort Rupert on the east, a hundred and twenty miles away, or at Fort Albany, ninety miles to the north and west. Iberville determined to go to Fort Rupert, and, with a few followers, embarking in canoes, assembled before the fort two nights after.

A vessel was in the harbour. Iberville's delight was keen. He divided his men, sending Perrot to take the fort, while himself, with a small party, moved to the attack of the vessel. Gering had delayed a day too long. He had intended leaving the day before, but the arrival of John Bridger, the Governor of the Company, had induced him to remain another day. He had entertained the Governor the night before,

toasting him in some excellent wine got in the Spaniards' country. So palatable was it that all drank deeply, and other liquors found their way to the fo'castle. Thus in the dead of night there was no open eye on the Valiant.

The Frenchmen pushed out gently from the shore, paddled noiselessly over to the ship's side, and clambered up. Iberville was the first to step on deck, and he was followed by Perrot and by De Casson, who had, against Iberville's will, insisted on coming. Five others came after. Already they could hear the other party at the gate of the fort, and the cries of the besiegers, now in the fort-yard, came clearly to them.

The watch of the Valiant awaked. He sprang up and ran forward, making no outcry, dazed, but bent on fighting. He came, however, on the point of Perrot's sabre, and was cut down. Meanwhile, Iberville, hot for mischief, stamped upon the deck. Immediately a number of armed men came bundling up the hatchway. Among these suddenly appeared Gering and the Governor, who thrust themselves forward with drawn swords and pistols. The first two men who appeared above the hatchway were promptly dispatched, and Iberville's sabre was falling upon Gering, whom he did not at first recognise, when De Casson's hand diverted the blow. It caught the shoulder of a man at Gering's side.

"It is Monsieur Gering!" said the priest.

"Stop! Stop!" cried a voice behind these. "I am the Governor. We surrender."

There was nothing else to do: in spite of Gering's attitude of defiance, though death was above him if he resisted. He was but halfway up.

"It is no use, Gering," urged the Governor, "they have us like sheep in a pen."

"Very well," said Gering suddenly, handing up his sword, and stepping up himself. "To whom do I surrender?"

"To an old acquaintance, Monsieur," said Iberville, stepping nearer, "who will cherish you for the King of France."

"Damnation!" cried Gering, and his eyes hungered for his sword again.

"You would not visit me, so I came to look for you; though why, Monsieur, you should hide up here in the porch of the world passeth knowledge."

"Monsieur is witty," answered Gering stoutly; "but if he will grant me my sword again, and an hour alone with him, I shall ask no greater joy in life."

By this time the Governor was on deck, and he interposed. "I beg you, Sir," he said to Iberville, "to see that there is no useless slaughter at yonder fort: for I guess that your men have their way with it."

"Shall my messenger, in your name, tell your people to surrender?"

"Before God, no! I hope that they will fight while remains a chance. Be sure, Sir, I should not have yielded here, but that I foresaw hopeless slaughter. Nor would I ask your favour there, but that I know you are like to have bloody barbarians with you—and we have women and children here!"

"We have no Indians; we are all French," answered Iberville quietly, and sent the messenger away.

At that moment Perrot touched him, and pointed to a man whose wounded shoulder was being bandaged. It was Radisson, who had caught Iberville's sword when the Abbé diverted its course.

"By the Mass!" said Iberville, "the gift of the saints!"

He pricked Radisson with the point of his sword. "Well, monsieur renegade, who holds the spring of the trap? You have some prayers, I hope. And if there is no priest among your English, we'll find you one before you swing next sundown."

Radisson threw up a malignant look, but said nothing. He went on caring for his wound.

"At sunset, remember. You will see to it, Perrot," he added.

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said the Governor. "This is an officer of our Company, duly surrendered."

"Monsieur will know this man is a traitor; and that I have long-standing orders to kill him wherever found. . . . What has Monsieur to say for him?" he added, turning to Gering.

"As an officer of the Company," was the reply, "he has the rights of a prisoner of war."

"Monsieur, we have met at the same table, and I cannot think that you should plead for a spy. If you will say that the man—"

But here Radisson broke in. "I want no one to speak for me. I hate you all!"—he spat at Iberville—"and I will hang when I must, no sooner."

"Not so badly said," Iberville responded. "'Tis a pity, Radisson, you let the devil buy you."

"T'sh! The devil pays good coin, and I'm not hung yet," he sullenly returned.

By this time all the prisoners but Gering, the Governor, and Radisson were secured. Iberville directed what disposition should be made of them, and then, having set a guard below, went down to deal with the Governor for all the forts on the bay. Because the firing had ceased he knew that the fort had been captured; and, indeed, word soon came to this effect. Iberville then gave orders that the prisoners from the fort should be brought on board next morning, to be carried on to Fort Albany, which was yet for attack. He was ill-content that a hand-to-hand fight with Gering had been prevented.

He was now all courtesy to the Governor and Gering, and offering them their own wine, entertained them with the hardships of their travel up. He gave the Governor assurance that the prisoners should be well treated and that no property should be destroyed. Then, with apologies, he saw them bestowed in a cabin, the door fastened, and a guard set. Presently he went on deck, and giving orders that Radisson should be secured on the after-deck, had rations served out. Then, after eating, he drew his cloak over him in the cabin, and fell asleep.

Near daybreak a man came swimming along the side of

the ship to the small port-hole of a cabin. He paused before it, took from his pocket a nail, and threw it inside. There was no response. He threw another. Again there was no response. He heard the step of someone on the deck above, and drew in close to the side of the ship, diving under the water, and lying still. A moment after he reappeared, and moved—almost floated—on to another port-hole. He had only one nail left. He threw it in. Gering's face appeared.

"Hush, Monsieur!" Radisson called up. "I have a key which may fit, and a bar of iron. If you get clear, make for this side; then we will swim to the shore."

He spoke in a whisper. At that moment he again heard steps above. He dived as before. The watch looked over, having heard a slight noise; but not knowing that Gering's cabin was beneath, thought no harm. Presently Radisson came up again. Gering understood. He had heard the footsteps.

"I will make the attempt," he said. "Can you give me no other weapon?"

"I have only the one," responded Radisson, not unselfish enough to give it up. His chief idea, after all, was to put Gering under obligation to him, thus securing protection in the future.

"I will do my best," said Gering.

Then he turned to the Governor, who did not care to risk his life.

Gering tried the key, but it would not turn easily, and he took it out again. He rubbed away the rust, then used tallow from the candle, and tried the lock again. Still it would not turn. He looked to the fastenings, but they were solid, and he feared noise. He made one more attempt with the lock, and suddenly it turned. He tried the handle. The door opened. He bade good-bye to the Governor, and stepped out, almost upon the guard, who was sound asleep. He looked round and saw Iberville's cloak, which its owner had thrown off in his sleep. He picked it up, and then put Iberville's cap on his head. He wished to take his sword, but that was dangerous. Of nearly the same height, he might be able to pass for his captor.

He threw the cloak over his shoulders, stole silently to the hatchway, and cautiously climbed up. Thrusting out his head he looked about him. He saw two or three figures bundled together near the mainmast—woodsmen who had celebrated victory with too great sincerity. He looked for the watch, but could not see him. Then he drew himself carefully up, and on his hands and knees passed to the starboard side, and moved aft. As he did so he saw the watch start up from the capstan, where he had been resting, and walk towards him. He did not quicken his pace. He trusted to his ruse—he would impersonate Iberville, possessed as he was of the hat and cloak. He moved to the bulwarks, and leaned against them, looking into the water. The sentry was deceived. He recognised the hat and cloak, and he was only too glad to have, as he thought, escaped the challenge of having slept at his post. He began resolutely pacing the deck. Gering watched him closely, and moved deliberately

to the stern. He suddenly came upon a body. He stopped and turned round, leaning against the bulwarks as before. This time the watch came within twenty feet of him, saluted, and retired.

Immediately Gering looked again at the body near him. His feet were in a little pool. He understood: Radisson had escaped by killing his guard! It was not possible that the crime and the escape could go long undetected. The watch might at any moment come the full length of the ship. Gering flashed a glance at him again—his back was to him still—suddenly doffed the hat and cloak, vaulted lightly upon the bulwarks, caught the anchor-chain,

Frenchman, he might be able to impose upon the watch guarding the canoes. If not, they still had weapons of a kind: Radisson a knife, and Gering the piece of iron. They moved swiftly along the shore, momentarily expecting an alarm. If they could but get weapons and a canoe, they would make their way either to Fort Albany, so warning it, or they might make the desperate journey to New York. Again fortune was with them. As it chanced, the watch, suffering from the cold night air, had gone into the bush to bring wood for firing. The two refugees stole near, and in the very first canoe found three muskets. There were also bags filled with food. They hastily pushed out a canoe, got in, and were miles away

before their escape was discovered.

Radisson was for going south at once to New York; but Gering would not hear of it, and at the nose of a musket Radisson obeyed. They reached Fort Albany, and warned it. Having thus done his duty towards the Hudson's Bay Company, and knowing that surrender must come, and that in this case his last state would be worse than his first, Gering proceeded with Radisson—hourly more hateful to him, yet to be endured for what had happened—southward upon the trail the Frenchmen had taken northward.

A couple of hours after, Gering had thrown his hat and cloak into the blood of the *coureur de bois*, and slid down the anchor-chain, Iberville knew that his quarry was fled. The watch had thought, when he turned round and did not see the supposed Iberville, that he had gone below. He again relaxed, but presently a little maggot of wonder got into his brain. He immediately went aft. The dawn was just breaking. The grey moist light shone with a naked coldness on land and water. Wild-fowl came fluttering voiceless past. Night was still drenched in sleep. Suddenly the watch saw the dead body, and his boots dabbled in the wet!

In all that concerned the honour of the arms of France, and the conquest of the three forts, Hayes, Rupert, and Albany, Iberville might be content: but he chafed at the escape of his enemies.

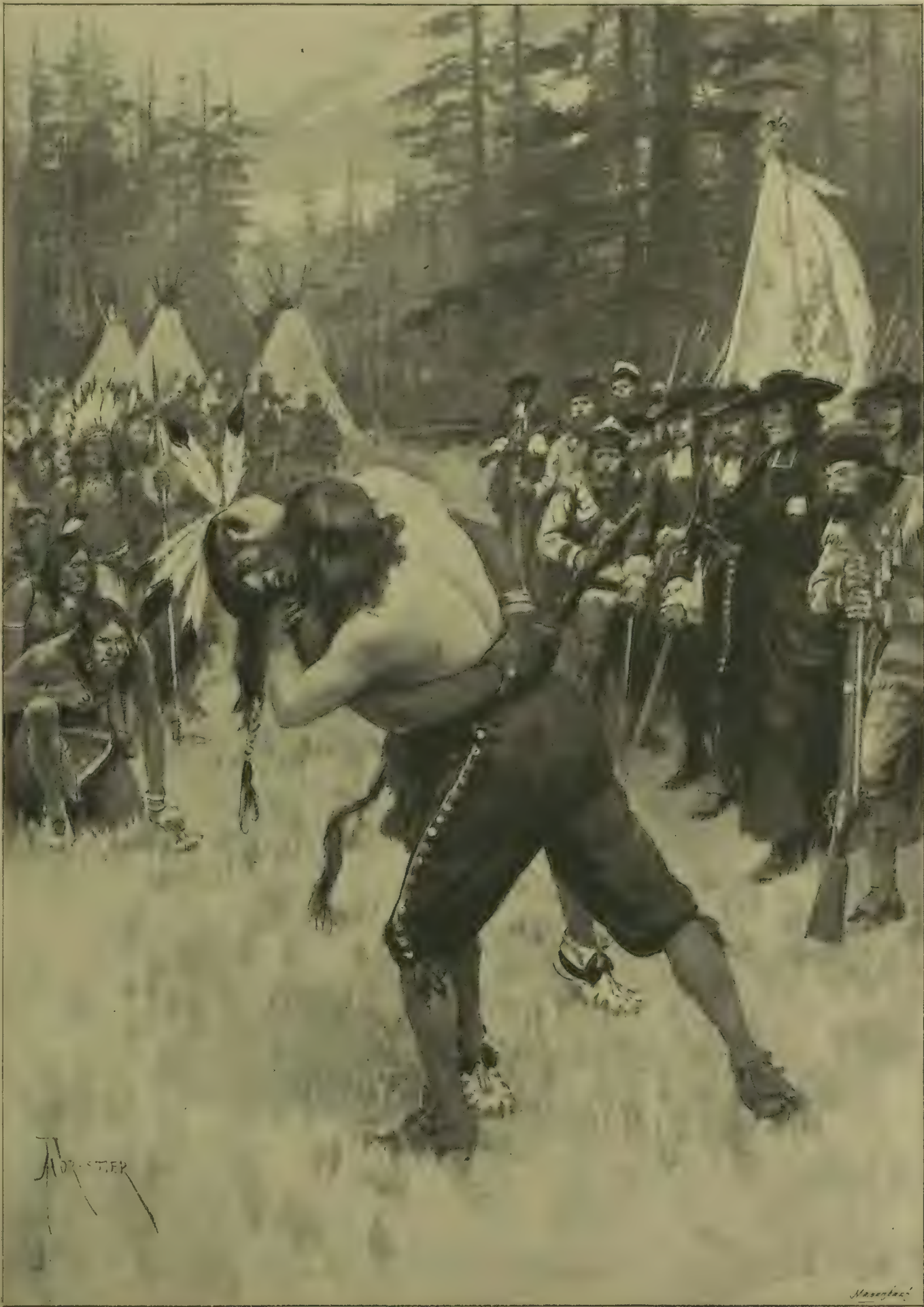
"I will not say it is better so, Pierre," urged De Casson; "but you

have done enough for the King. Let your own cause come later."

"And it will come, Abbé," he answered with a cheerful nonchalant anger. "His account grows. He stole my hat and cloak—he has killed my men! We must settle all one day. And Radisson shall swing or I am no soldier—So!"

(To be continued.)

On Aug. 9 there was a meeting in Exeter Hall to bid farewell to about two hundred lads from Dr. Barnardo's homes, who, after a period of testing and training, were to depart for Canada. Including these, the homes have sent 6476 boys and girls to Canada, of whom only two per cent. failed in their adopted country. No one was sent out unless he was honest, decent, and industrious; and every one was retained under careful supervision until he had reached adult years.



For a moment they were locked, and then the neck of the champion went with a snap, and he lay dead in the middle of the green.

slid down it into the water, and struck out softly along the side. Immediately Radisson was beside him.

"Can you dive?" the Frenchman whispered. "Can you swim under water?"

"A little."

"Then with me quick."

The Frenchman dived. Gering followed him. The water was bitter cold; but when a man is saving his life the endurance is multiplied.

The Fates were with them. No alarm came from the ship. They reached the shore in safety. Here they were upon a now hostile shore without food, fire, shelter, and, more important, weapons. Their situation was desperate even yet. Radisson's ingenuity was not quite sufficient. Gering solved the problem. There were the Frenchmen's canoes. They must be somewhere on the shore. Because Radisson was a



HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

A New Portrait by Lafayette, Dublin.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXIII.

Clumber.

THERE can scarcely be any land in Great Britain of greater fame than that on which stands Clumber, the seat of the Duke of Newcastle, for on it lived and fought one of the two British heroes who have become legendary. Except among that small minority who are called educated people, Robin Hood's is a name known far better than King Arthur's; his fame is almost as the fame of William Tell, and has reached American backwoods and Australian bush, where Marlborough was never heard of and the name of Cromwell is familiar only as an effective part of the Irish commination-service.

The name of Sherwood Forest is to this day given to a great part of Nottinghamshire, though there are woods but here and there in it. Perhaps the wide park of Clumber, with its oaks, its long avenues of limes, its golden gorse, may be taken as one of the few points in whose woodland history there has been no long break. Two centuries ago, however, the oaks fell fast even here for shipbuilding, for church-mending, and by fire; and in those days no man took thought to replace the lost timber by planting.

Nevertheless, the history of Clumber for the first thousand years or so in which it can be said to have had a history is but the chronicle of a wood. In the earliest recorded days of Britain there is no doubt that this midland district was for the most part covered with a dense primæval forest, and its inhabitants were the great tribe of Coritanians, the "people clad in skins."

Of the Romans many tokens have been found in the forest, and remains of at least half-a-dozen camps; and only a few miles from Clumber Park have been discovered the ruins of a Roman villa. For the Clumber of Saxon days we have to come down as late as the Domesday Book to gain our scanty knowledge. Thence we learn that here, as in many other places in the forest, a Saxon settlement had been formed, that it belonged to Edward the Confessor and afterwards became the property of the Conqueror; and it is recorded that "in Clumber were two manors of Roger de Buishi, which, before the Conquest, Adeluval and Ulchil had." It also contained three bovates, which were of the King's manor of Mansfield. The Register of Welbeck says

that "the woods of Clumber were of the sokage of Maunsfield and Wodehouse, and the bound began at Suthones, and extended itself by the way which is called Kirkegate and led to Worksope."

Under the Normans Sherwood became a royal forest, and, as a hunting-ground of the kings, was brought under laws even more severe than those of the Saxons, whose laws were quite severe enough. Death was held to be the proper punishment of poaching, and the judgments of the woodmote, swainmote, and court of justice-seat were not to be gainsaid.

At this time, and for centuries after, the forest extended to Nottingham and beyond. At a much later date it was recorded that Sherwood Forest was full of trees, "and from Nottingham to Mansfield so densely wooded that a man might journey from town to town on a bright midsummer day without seeing the sun." Now and again, however, some part of the ground would be disafforested, perhaps later to be "put again into the forest" by a jealous king. Thus, in the twenty-ninth year of Edward I. (A.D. 1300), we find "the towneshipp of Clumber," with several others, put out of the forest.

It was this "intolerable burden of the King's deer," as four centuries later the oppressed countryfolk still called it, which more than anything else helped to create the bands of outlaws who made Sherwood Forest a place of terror to well-to-do travellers. Like our game laws, these laws of the forest made poaching a crime and poachers heroes of romance to all the countryside. The first national poem thought worthy of the honours of print was the "Lytell Geste of Robin Hood," published by the eminent firm of Wynken de Worde; and in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman," Sloth, who "can not perfitly his paternoster," yet boasts that he knows "the rymes of Robyn Hode."

In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,

In merry sweet Locksley town,

There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,

Bold Robin Hood of famous renown,

says another ballad, which would prove to us how near a neighbour of Clumber Robin was by birth, but for the

unlucky fact that no trace of a Locksley town, in Nottinghamshire or any other shire, now survives.

How far the forest life of the outlaws, as shown us by Walter Scott, corresponds to the life they actually led is a problem hardly to be solved nowadays; but the most important fact—that some wild outlawed life in the woods was lived, and by organised bodies of men—seems beyond dispute. And, if the Locksley of "Ivanhoe" did not in very fact hold counsels of his followers under the greenwood tree, one actual Parliament of the realm was held by



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Foker Street.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Edward I. beneath an oak which stands to this day within a very few miles of Clumber House.

These times, when vast woods are kept clear by game-preserving monarchs, of all men but robbers, were the palmy days of our forest. Not then had Clumber and its neighbouring parks almost all the trees to themselves. Many names of places now treeless bear witness to their ancient state: Woodman Dale, Green Woodfalls, Fulwood, and Forest Lane tell their own tale; and Lingside means heatherside, all innocent of the *planta genista* though it now be. Camden gives yet more direct evidence: the forest



CLUMBER PARK.



CLUMBER PARK: GENERAL VIEW OF THE LAKE.

was "formerly," he says, writing in the days of James I., "a close shade, with the boughs of the trees so entangled in one another that a single person could hardly walk in the paths of it." It was much thinner in his day, but it still, as he tells us rather prettily, fed "an infinite number of deer and branchy-headed stags." In the year of Shakspeare's death a census of the red deer of the forest gave their number as 1263.

Gradually came the decline. Clumber Park, which is in part made up of the two ancient woods of Clumber and Hardwick, has still its venerable oaks to show that it was never treeless, like much of the land round it; but even here the work of destruction went on apace, so that Lowe's Survey, made just as the last century was ending, tells us that thirty years before that time Clumber "was a black heath full of rabbits, having a narrow river running through it, with a small boggy close or two."

Keats puts down the destruction of the forest wholly to the demands of the Navy: all the oaks of Robin Hood, he says, "fallen beneath the dockyard strokes, have rotted on the briny seas." But there are land-rats and water-rats; and corporate bodies and impoverished aristocrats were not too proud to beg the boon of "a hundred oaks out of Sherwood." The inhabitants of Edwinstowe at one swoop took off two hundred oaks, near neighbours of Clumber, to mend their parish church. And civil war spared forests no more than fields; while now and again a terrible fire raged across the woodland. Such a one was described, in 1624, by an eye-witness: he saw the blazing woods and miles of heavy smoke, and, as he rode homeward, the frightened deer huddling together—"a greete herde of faire red deere, and amonst them 2 extreodanary greet stages, the which I never saw the like."

In 1677 we find the forest "wonderfully declined." Thoroton, in his "Nottinghamshire," prophesies that very shortly "there will not be wood enough left to cover the bilberries," in which the poor folks of the countryside had carried on quite a considerable trade. But this, as far, at least, as Clumber was concerned, was very nearly the beginning of the end of those bad times. At the commencement of the eighteenth century the Duke of Newcastle, who was warden of the forest, enclosed some 3000 acres of it to form a deer-park; this was called the New Park then, and is practically Clumber now. The keeper's lodge was the forerunner of the great house which now stands here; and by the end of the century this house was built, the splendid lake was made, more than two thousand acres of the land, till lately "black heath," were regularly tilled, and great flocks of sheep grazed where only rabbits had fed before.

At the beginning of the present century the Crown granted what remained to it of the forest to the Duke of Portland of that time; but it had long ceased to be a profitable property. Expenses, fees, and perquisites left very little to be made out of the sale of timber, and the regular yearly expenses were heavy. In an "Account of the expenses and allowances intended for the support of Sherwood Forest," during the reign of Queen Anne, we find that the yearly grant for keepers' wages, hay, and other necessities for the use of the New Park (Clumber) was £200.

But Mill and others have told us of the magical effects of private ownership. The peasant proprietor in France does marvels with his acre of land; and, if a political economist

would so far condescend as to take dukes instead of peasants for his examples, he could show that, in their modest way, the Dukes of Newcastle, Norfolk, Portland, and Kingston did a good deal with Sherwood Forest.

For during the last century the district of which Clumber may be called the centre gained the nickname of the "Dukeries." There was a time when the four noblemen just named had each his seat within, at the furthest, a couple of miles from Clumber park-gates. The Duke of Newcastle had for neighbours the Duke of Kingston at Thoresby, to the south; the Duke of Portland at Welbeck, to the west; and the Duke of Norfolk at Worksop Manor, close by the pleasant town of Worksop, to the north-west. It is true that, of this quartet of great people, two have retired from Sherwood; but two still remain, and, with them, the name of "Dukeries": as is only just, for averaging the supply no country district could possibly claim a brace of Dukes for itself.

In their day, however, the four Dukes did their work, and did it well; and now the forest-remains in these four noble parks, and in a fifth, the neighbouring Rufford, are almost all we have to show for the famous Sherwood, except the ancient oaks of Birkland and of Bilhagh. Two centuries ago, indeed, what was left of forest land was plainly a nuisance to its neighbours, from the herds of deer which, roaming unconfined and yearly increasing, preyed upon the corn and other crops. Now, however, large tracts of park-land have been re-wooded, and there are probably more trees in Clumber and its fellow-parks than the forest has held these two centuries, if less than when, in the days of Coke, Sherwood was given second place in a list of sixty-nine royal forests.

The present park of Clumber contains about four thousand acres, and measures about eleven miles round; and almost exactly on its midmost spot there stands, by the beautiful lake, the great house of the Duke of Newcastle. This was built in 1767, after the designs by one Stephen Wright, of stone quarried on the estate; it is a plain building, nearly forming a quadrangle, and stands, as Thoroton tell us, "on the site of an old rabbit warren." It is not one of those houses which are happy in having no history; but its history is confined to one disastrous incident in 1879, when a great fire destroyed twenty of its 105 rooms and many pictures of great worth. The oldest part of the house, which was burnt—the west front, the entrance hall, and the grand staircase—has since been rebuilt.

The chief front of the house is that which faces the lake: the side on which is the entrance is plainer, and is reached from Worksop way by a sharp turn round a corner, which, perhaps, robs the approach of some of its dignity. But, once in the house, there is nothing lacking either in dignity or beauty: the entrance-hall is certainly, in its way, unsurpassed in England.

And it is a virtue in such a hall to have a way of its own, as this of Clumber certainly has. It is almost a hall within a hall: columns of white marble forming an inner room within this great white marble atrium. The purity of colour gives a singular nobility and charm to the place. The walls are marble, the slender grouped pillars marble, the gallery above marble, the only ornaments marble statues: all is white, chaste, cool, and pure. An artist should paint it as a companion to a picture of a tall snowy wood. The sunlight from above gives beautiful effects of a warm, rich, living white, as it were, against the greyer masses of shadow, which in themselves are light, were there but darker depths beside them or beyond them.

Of the statues the most noteworthy is that which stands in the centre of this hall's further side: a figure of

Napoleon, larger than life, with the beautiful face that we know looking proudly upon all comers. This is said to be the only one now known to exist of four like statues, whereof one—the original—was by Chaudet, and the other three were copies by Emanuele Franzoni, an artist perhaps not inferior. This at Clumber is the only one of the copies which was, like the original, in pure statuary-marble.

But there are other sculptures. Here is Oliver Cromwell, who seems not only to have insisted on having that wart recorded, but to have much enjoyed seeing it reproduced; everywhere one finds Oliver Cromwells, each uglier than the other. Here is James Thomson, too, first poet of that name; and here Shakspeare. Four beautiful funeral cists of white marble are much to be noted. The first is inscribed: M. CÆDICI FAUSTI NEGOTIATOR DE SACRA VIA CÆDICI SYNTYCHE CONLIBERTA; the second, TI. IULIO FELICI MANNEIA TREPTE ET TI. IULIUS PHILOVICUS HEREDES FECERUNT; and the third, above, D. M. M. IUNI IUNIANI, and below, D. M. ANTONIA TARENTINA CONJUGI BENEMERENTI FECIT; while the fourth, which is longer and lower, has panels ready for inscriptions which evidently were never made.

In corridors round about the hall one finds portraits of many poets; for Clumber, as one may know from its splendid library, is one of the great houses where honour is done to literature. So Campbell and Southey are here to be seen, and Walter Scott and Thomson, and Abraham Cowley, who holds a dignified place among the poets whom we may now call the Great Unread. It would, perhaps, be putting their popularity to too vulgar a test if one asked a modern publisher what he would give for the copyrights of the poems of Cowley, Thomson, and Southey, all together.

Otherwhere in the house are to be found a good many pictures interesting, apart from their other merits, as the portraits of people famous in literature or in art. There is Voltaire's sharp face, and Hogarth, round and British; Lady Mary Wortley Montague, too, may be admitted for literature, if it were only for her quarrel with Pope; the stage is represented by Nell Gwynne and Samuel Foote. Perhaps Linnæus should be counted to science rather than to literature; but Luther and Melancthon may stand for letters as well as history.

The State Dining-room is well furnished with pictures, though it has but seven; a rough test of their merit is



BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND LAKE.

given by their money value, which has been estimated at £25,000. The room itself, which is close to the entrance-hall, is very handsome in what one may call a straightforward way; rich and stately, without the picturesqueness of an ancient dining-hall or of its quite modern imitators. This room is a century old, and (in no unfavourable sense) looks its age.

At one end tall Corinthian columns, rich in white and gold, divide off a kind of alcove. Opposite to these the high window looks out into the park, between long sweeping curtains whose colour harmonises with the pale blue of the walls. One one side is a splendid and ornate chimney-piece of the whitest marble—in such a room one needs the ornate, and it is in place—and a steel grate, richly engraved; and on the other the magnificent and heavy door is perhaps almost too strong in colour for its surroundings. Four of the seven pictures are called the Market Pieces: of these, two have for their heroes fish, one game, and one fruit. The human beings, who play a secondary part in these great canvases, are by Langan; but the main interest of the pictures—the eatables and their backgrounds—we owe to Snyders.

There are, indeed, extremely good pictures at Clumber, some of them actual masterpieces, and others of interest for their subjects. Most of the Earls of Lincoln and Dukes of Newcastle are, naturally, to be found here; one exceedingly interesting picture, by-the-way, groups together the Earls of Lincoln, Scarborough, and Winchelsea, and the Duke of Dorset, all occupied in drinking the health of my Lady Mohun. And on almost every wall one sees the face of a Clinton, Pelham, Cavendish, or Holles.

Of pictures pure and simple there is but space to mention one or two. Out of the little Breakfast-room, full of delightful work, an Englishman would be very apt to choose first the pair of Jacob Ruysdaels, vigorous and true, of storm-tossed sea and sunny land; but perhaps the most interesting picture in the room is the rare and curious Virgin and Child of Albert Dürer. For sheer pleasantness nothing is perhaps more notable than the Rinaldo and Armida of Vandyke, in the State Drawing-room; and in the same room—hung like the Dining-room with seven pictures only—is a fine Ascension of the Virgin, attributed with a certain hesitation to Murillo. In the Crimson Drawing-room is a portrait of Rembrandt by himself, sombre and strong; and one may imagine the strength of the lioness of Snyders, which is impetuously attacking a wild boar.

One of the best talked-of pictures in England has been the Clumber Sigismunda, called a Correggio, but said by Dr. Waagen to be by Furini. This is a fine, realistic work, as realism went in its century: a Sigismunda entirely



THE BRIDGE AT THE END OF THE FIRST LAKE.

inconceivable to Burne-Jones, a solid person, her eyes heavy with real, painful weeping. Hogarth took this picture as a direct challenge, and painted, as a reply to it, his *Sigismunda*—a picture by which the world has declined to judge him.

Of the rooms, apart from the pictures that they hold, much might be said; and, after all, the inhabitants of even the greatest house do not probably look upon their dwelling-rooms merely as receptacles for ancient paintings. Yet we must pass over with a word or two the Small Dining-room and its richly ornamented ceiling, the Crimson Drawing-room, the Ante-room to the library, with Nollet's fine busts of Pitt and Fox; and in the Smoking-room we need but notice the really magnificent chimney-piece. This came from that amazing store-house of splendour, Fonthill Abbey, where it was bought at Beckford's sale. It is, perhaps, unrivalled, with its exquisite figures carved in marble of pure white.

Damask-hung, with a rich ceiling from which a gilded chandelier hangs sparkling, the large Drawing-room is a bright and beautiful chamber, filled with many things, curious and good to see, from far and near; but principally from far. The Doge's Palace at Venice sends five exquisite cabinets of black ebony, mounted in ormolu, and inlaid with brass and tortoiseshell. From India come two vases of filagree-work and two tables of marble, inlaid with precious stones; from Egypt a curious statuette, which stands upon a table of malachite. And—among other delightful things, too many even to be catalogued—there is much china, Dresden, Sèvres, and other.

No chamber in the house is finer than the Library, a great double room, five-and-forty feet long and twenty-one feet high, with woodwork of the deep red-brown of burnished mahogany, and browns and yellows of the great folios sombre and rich against it. Above, the gilded railings of a beautiful gallery run round the room; these and the panelled ceiling of lilac, fawn, and white are the highest lights of the room, for the marble chimney-piece is of the same deep brown as the woodwork. Here are rare Caxtons, magnificent illuminated Bibles, and some choice manuscripts—altogether an exceedingly fine collection.

But we must pass into the fresh air, and leave the house for its delightful terrace. Here standing one looks across the crowning beauty of Clumber—its lake. This passes along the south side of the house; a river as it flows under the bridge, whence the finest view of Clumber may be had; a lake broken by pretty islands as it stretches eastward till it is no more seen. Here are not only swans innumerable—you may see them clustering in scores round the islet which fronts the further terrace—the miniature sea has also its fleet: its man-of-war, the *Lincoln*, a vessel of forty tons, floats opposite the house, and her comrade, the *Salamanca*, is not far away. In the eighty-seven acres of the lake and its accompanying river are to be had some capital fishing. The present Duke is an enthusiastic fisherman, and the pike-fishing especially is some of the best in England.

Down to the lake there slopes the beautiful terrace, laid out early in the century after the Italian fashion. There are delightful flowers in its beds, shining in their vivid colour against the white marble of fountain and statues; and as evening comes the heavy scent of the white tobacco-plant loads the air. The fountain came from Italy. Its dolphins rise from a great basin twelve feet across, and bear up a smaller one, and it was cut from a solid block of white marble whose weight was fifty tons. On this side of the house there is, indeed, marble above and below. Besides the garden statues, some of them very fine, there are four beautiful statues of white marble—the Four Seasons—in niches in this south front. Sixteen vases rise from the angles of the house.

Eastward along the lake is another terrace, set among the trees, looking upon the little island of the swans. To reach it, you cross a green sward that lies between the lake and the beautiful church, which now stands close by Clumber House. This church is quite new—it was only opened in 1889—but it is built in the graceful Gothic of the fourteenth century, of white stone and red without, and red alone within. The tall and slender spire rises behind the roofs of Clumber, and gives, perhaps, a needed picturesqueness, if it does not altogether harmonise in style with the mansion of a century ago. Among the trees which stand before it and by the Lincoln terrace there are, besides the oaks and sombre yews, cedars of Lebanon of noble growth, and some Norwegian silver firs of extraordinary size and beauty—one of these is a tree almost unrivalled of its kind, with wide-spreading seat-like branches.

North of the house, and some way off it, are the kitchen gardens, well worthy to be explored by those who have time to walk round their half-dozen acres of ground and along the thirteen hundred feet of hothouses; but perhaps more will turn to the stables, possibly remembering even the ancient name of Clumber more readily in connection with spaniels than with dukes!

Both horse and dog, at all events, are well cared for here. Of the beautiful brown and white spaniels, sturdy, wise and loving—almost the finest, perhaps, of the middle-sized breeds of dogs—their native place has always a goodly stock; and the present Duchess's collection of Russian wolfhounds is probably unrivalled in England. There are now a full score of them, and three or four generally accompany their mistress in her walks abroad.

Passing round the park, through thick shrubberies, where countless owls hoot in the grey evening, you reach to northward of the house the famous Lime-Tree Avenue. Here runs for miles, on each side of the roadway, a double row of perfect limes; even in our land of parks the long vista of these lovely trees is hardly to be equalled.

The north-eastern end of this avenue brings you, by the pretty Apley Head Lodge, to the road to Retford, whence, as the time to leave Clumber is not yet, let us take a flying leap almost to the opposite extremity of the park. The finest view of the house is, as we have said, to be had from the bridge across the lake. Hence, looking over the long water, at the terraces, the towers and parapets, among their smooth lawns and sheltering trees, one is likely to be altogether at issue with the critics who have said hard things of Clumber. Passing along the waterside, south of the lake, one has many and varied views of a charming house, large, many-windowed, stately, with pleasant

arcades, marble fountains, terrace walls, and flower-beds of richest colouring, brilliant in the sunshine; and everywhere the noble lake gleams, with a mimic house of more shining stone lying in the still water at that other's feet. The ship does not move, at anchor in its tiny sea; even the countless swans are still, resting, bright points of white, in the bright day.

As we leave the smoother grounds beside the house for depths of parkland which are still forest, we shall find other birds innumerable, wilder than the swans and rarer. Mr. Sterland, in a book published as lately as 1869, reckons up close upon two hundred and fifty kinds of wild birds to be found in the forest, of which we may be sure that the wild woods of Clumber have more than their share. They range from the eagle—a rare visitor, it is owned—to the long-tailed tit; and among them are names that the unwise in birds have scarcely ever heard of, as the garganey, the bar-tailed godwit, the goosander, the smew, the golden-eyed garrot, the red-headed pochard, the twite, and the thickknee.

But there is little wonder that these birds, and the badgers and other beasts yearly growing rarer, and multitudes of game of every kind, are to be found here in the solitudes of the woods. There is shelter for an army, shelter for a troop of elks, among these great trees and their dense undergrowth, interspersed with tracts of golden furze and broom. Everywhere is the lofty bracken, "so dense that many a band of men like the highlanders of Roderick Dhu might hide in its cover without suspicion," and sometimes growing to the height of eleven feet or so.

All this demesne had long been under the rule of the ancient family of Clinton, who, says the historian, "took their name of Clinton from a lordship in com. Oxon. now



called Glimpton. And (as appears from a manuscript in the Cotton library, Tiberius, E. 9.) descended from William de Villa Tancredi, chamberlain of Normandy, and Maud his wife, daughter of William de Arches, whose descent is derived from Wevia, sister to Gunora, Dutchess of Normandy. Which William had issue three sons—Osbert, Renobald, and William, who all accompanied William the Conqueror in his victorious expedition into England—and all profited largely thereby. Four manors, at all events, in Warwickshire and Oxfordshire, were promptly distributed among the brothers.

And here let us note for a moment the "commodity of good names" which the family brought with it, so that its pedigree alone should be a treasure-house to a modern novelist. Wevia and Gunora, Osbert and Renobald, are succeeded by Elisant, Mazera, Petronilla, Ela, and Idonea. There must have been the true spirit of romance in the godmothers of those times.

Renobald, now of Glimpton or Clinton, had three sons, of whom the second, Osbert de Clinton, was ancestor—through his eldest son, another Osbert—of the Dukes of Newcastle of to-day. A third Osbert of Clinton had his lands seized, for joining the rebellious Barons, but made his peace with Henry III. and got them back.

Then pass by a Thomas, another Thomas, a John; and with this John we reach firm ground, for he was a noted man, the Baron of Maxtock in Warwickshire, one who fought against the Scots and attended queens and princes into France. The King—Edward I.—so desired to show favour to him for his service against Scotland that he named him "his beloved Esquire," and granted him part of the lands of a rebellious Scot.

Another of the great fighting-men of the family was John's grandson—Sir John, third Lord Clinton—much occupied in the wars with France. He fought at Poitiers, and was in the picked army of 100,000 men brought together by Edward the Third's summons of all between the ages of twenty and sixty, whereout only the best of those were chosen. Wars and rumours of invasions kept him employed in many following years; and in 1380 Froissart tells how he rode with his banner displayed, and performed certain feats of arms at Nantes, with Sir Galoys d'Aunoy.

Many other fights he fought, against the French and Scots; and he helped to take Newcastle-on-Tyne from these latter in the eighth year of the reign of Richard II.

His grandson, William, fourth Lord Clinton, became also Lord Say, deriving the title from his grandmother, Idonea, first wife of the third Lord Clinton. We find him with Henry IV. at the siege of Edinburgh, with the Earl of Somerset in the defence of Calais, with Henry V. at the taking of Tonques Castle, Caen, Molyn on the Seine and Meux. In the time of Henry VI., too, he fought in France; and, having been summoned to Parliament from the twenty-third year of Richard II. till the ninth of Henry VI., he died, seised of many manors.

In the French wars of the same reign his son, John, the fifth Lord, was taken prisoner, and remained for six years a captive. As his ransom he had to pay six thousand marks, and for their payment had special license to employ his agents to buy six hundred sacks of wool in England, and to transport these from London or Southampton to Lombardy, and also six hundred woollen cloths, which he might transport to any foreign country, "paying for every sack and cloth unto the King as any other denizen used to do." In the Wars of the Roses he joined the Yorkists, and shared their losses and success. He died, after a busy life of much fighting, in 1464.

Of the sixth, seventh, and eighth Lords of Clinton not much needs here to be said; yet it is interesting to find it recorded that in 1514 John, the seventh Lord, and the Duke of Suffolk went to the jousts held in Paris on the wedding of Louis XII. to our King's sister, "being clad in green coats and hoods to the end that they might not be known"; and that Thomas, eighth Lord, died with other knights, gentlemen, and officers of the King's Court, of the "sweating sickness" which in 1517 "ragged with that malignity as to kill in three hours."

The ninth Lord Clinton, Edward, first Earl of Lincoln, was one of the leading men of his day in England; and his day was a long one and well filled. He was born in 1512, and died in 1584-85; and he stood high in favour with four successive sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth. Left an infant at his father's death, he was the King's ward, "and such care was taken of his education that he became wise, valiant, and fortunate in all his enterprises."

His name so runs through the history of his time that we have records of his doings in twenty separate years of his life. He commanded navies against the French and Scotch, and won victories and devastated towns in both countries. In 1550 he was made Lord High Admiral for life, and in 1558 was Lieutenant-General and Chief Commander of the land forces as well as the fleet sent against Scotland and France. All through his life he worked hard for his country, and he was rewarded with many manors and high honours, the highest being, of course, the earldom of Lincoln, bestowed upon him in 1572. He was thrice married; and his third wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, made famous by the Earl of Surrey as his "Fair Geraldine."

Five Earls of Lincoln followed their leader, without leaving special matter of record behind them, though Theophilus, fourth Earl, having staunchly supported the royal cause in the Civil War, filled the dignified office of carver when the second Charles was crowned.

Fortunes have often been made by statesmen who have supported the side which had the power; but the seventh Earl of Lincoln was probably one of the first to gain a fortune by his energetic opposition to the Government. This was during the last years of Queen's Anne's reign, and it was the Earl of Torrington of that day who rewarded him by leaving him the greater part of his large estates. Lord Lincoln became a very important personage—as Paymaster-General, Constable of the Tower, and Coffer of the Household—and, moreover, married the sister of the Duke of Newcastle.

His grandson Henry, the ninth Earl, was the first of this family to attain to the Newcastle dukedom; but concerning this title there is a quaint little heraldic quibble of which few but experts know. Burke will tell you that the Earl married Catherine, eldest daughter and heiress of the Hon. Henry Pelham, and on her uncle's death inherited his title of Duke of Newcastle; but he does not explain, nor even state, the curious fact that former Dukes had been Dukes of Newcastle-on-Tyne, while Lord Lincoln and his successors were Dukes of Newcastle-under-Lyme.

It happened in this way. Sir Thomas Pelham, whose mother was daughter of John Holles, Duke of Newcastle—on Tyne, naturally—was in 1715 created Duke of that place, "with limitation to his brother, Henry Pelham, and the heirs male of his body": which is to say that he must be succeeded by Henry or his sons. But Henry died in Thomas's lifetime, without sons, so that the title would become extinct on Thomas's death. Thomas could not well be given the same title over again—since he had it already—"with limitation" to someone else; so by an ingenious device he was created Duke of Newcastle-under-Lyme, with limitation to the Lord Lincoln who had married Henry's daughter, and the heirs male of his body. Thus there is still a Duke of Newcastle, and few trouble to know which Newcastle he is Duke of.

It is no doubt a distinction to a family to derive its title from a Prime Minister of England; but it must be confessed that Thomas Pelham was in no sense a statesman. An adroit Parliamentary manager, "he knew better than any man the price of every member and the intrigues of every borough"; but there his knowledge stopped—if we are to believe Horace Walpole, who says that he was so ignorant that he believed that Jamaica was in the Mediterranean.

Two of his successors—the fourth Duke, who fought through the Reform struggle, and the fifth, who was Chief Secretary of Ireland, Colonial Secretary, and War Secretary successively—were keenly interested in politics. It is a curious fact, which hitherto, we believe, has never been noticed, that the fourth Duke's famous saying as to his pocket-boroughs—"Cannot I do what I like with my own?"—was but an echo of the royal reply to those inhabitants of Sherwood who in 1708, praying to be relieved from the intolerable burden of the Queen's deer, were told that they had bought the land with the incumbency, "and it was past all dispute that the Queen had as much right to it as any man has to his own coat"! EDWARD ROSE.



CLUMBER PARK: THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.



CLUMBER PARK.

SEALS AND ARBITERS.

The poet and lover have longed to be nearly everything that a woman wears. "I wish I were that flower!" cries Contarini Fleming and all his company. But the poet has had very little to say to the seal, that surely much-to-be-envied creature who contrives a double debt to pay, by at once making woman lovely and warm. The seal has had his revenge. Slighted by literature, he has thrust himself into the thick of journalism, and the vengeance is less vicarious than it sounds, for literature and journalism are getting nearer to one another every day. Ignored by the poet, the seal is exacting attention from the journalist—and not unfairly, in days when nearly every journalist is also among the bards. Not content with the adoration of the sex that is fair and perhaps flippant, the seal has occupied for months the notice of men chosen, out of the sex that is grave, for their exceeding gravity: seven learned arbitrators drawn from nearly as many points of the compass, and a host of lawyers and reporters, big with the interests of peace, and bent on fame and fees.

As for the moral significance of the great Bering Seal Fisheries Arbitration, has the Peace Society realised how big it really is? A man who will not fight for the jacket of his womankind will not fight for anything! Truly, then, we have lighted on the piping times of peace. As for the fame of the pleaders, it is certain that both on the side of England and on the side of the United States the best sort of legal acumen and eloquence was displayed. To begin with, the case itself was worth it. It had a subtlety that rose above the level of mere quibble, and it was international rather than local in its scope. Had Russia a monopoly of way in those waters?—as Russia has by ancient prescription in others—and if she had, could she transfer her monopoly to the United States? This was an intricate question of jurisdiction. Then, if that were decided against America, America had another weapon with which to ward off the Canadian sealer—the rights of property. The carrier pigeon cannot be captured because it is not in its own cote—it has a passport through the air. The rabbit, on the other hand, may be trapped where it is a trespasser. America claimed that the seal in the Straits, bred on islands owned by America, was akin to the carrier pigeon. Canada, of course, quoted the case of the rabbit. Mr. Phelps and Mr. Coudert put forward the case of the United States; Sir Charles Russell and Sir Richard Webster that of England. Of the seven arbitrators two were American, Mr. Justice Harlan and Senator Morgan—the Senator delighting everybody with his own genuine old-fashioned delight in everything—his delight to be in Europe, to meet Englishmen, to recall his Welsh descent, and to honour Queen Victoria. England nominated Lord Hannen, perhaps because, as a member of the appointing Government suggested, his judicial experience had mostly turned on proprietary rights in living creatures, who, perhaps, had not been, in all cases, unaffected by the possession of seal-skins. Canada nominated its Prime Minister, Sir John Thompson, to neutralise the second American. The other three arbiters were lent by friendly Powers—Baron de Courcelle by France, the Marquis Visconti-Venosta by Italy, and Mr. Justice Gram by Norway. Diverse as they were, and some of them opposed in interest, the arbitrators made a happy family. Not, however, in one hotel. Though there is no written law on the subject, each arbitrator felt in his heart that the correct thing was that he should not take up his abode with a colleague, lest he should seem to be forming an opinion or a party out of court. Thus it was that several hotels, instead of one, had customers sent to them by the seals.

Apart from the public fame which the issue of the case confers on England's counsel and on her solicitors, Sir Charles Russell has come in for an unexpected compliment. The peroration of his speech has been bodily quoted in St. Paul's Cathedral. That a Catholic layman should thus in effect occupy the pulpit of metropolitan Anglicanism is surely a sign of the times. Of the two counsel for America, one—Mr. Coudert—has religious convictions in common with those of Sir Charles Russell—a bond of union between the gladiators in an international war of words. Of the seven arbiters, Baron de Courcelle and the Marquis Visconti-Venosta are Catholics born, while Sir John Thompson is a Catholic made, having taken the long leap from Presbyterianism to the religion of Rome. The choice of Mr. Phelps as one of the other counsel for America was particularly happy; for he, when American Minister in London, had taken part in a number of negotiations on the seal question, even then at issue between his Government and ours. These he had occasion to refer to largely in his speech; but his modesty shunned the use of the personal pronoun. He never said, "I" did this or that, but, this or that was done by "the American Minister in London for the time being."

Paris, though it had no interest of its own in the Seal Fisheries, was an appropriate place of meeting for the arbitrators. The headquarters of fashion—seals had a right to claim that their case should be discussed in no inferior forum. For the skins of seals caught by American fishers come to Europe to be dressed, and find their highest market in Paris, the heaven to which good Americans go even before they die. And it is to Americans in Paris that the most costly seal-skins are sold, as well as the finest diamonds. But it was convenience rather than the fitness of fashion that decided Paris as the place of meeting. The Englishman would not go to America, and the American would not come to England, but Paris was the neutral name at which both parties rejoiced. And France, that most feminine country in the world, knew how to repay the little compliment the choice implied. She gave the arbitrators a fine suite of rooms in the Quai d'Orsay—a free gift for many months. And then the Republic was anxious about the lunches of her self-invited guests. Would not the arbiters and the counsel and their staff, and their particular friends, take a light little luncheon served on the spot every day—and the mere wine of the country—champagne? Why, of course. So it was all duly done; and, day by day, during those protracted proceedings, sixty covers were laid for luncheon by Madame the French

Republic for the gratified stranger within her gates. Evidently across the Channel international courtesy is more than a name, and French hospitality is not yet a memory or a myth. If a distinguished foreigner comes over to England on the same sort of business, be sure he lunches at his own hotel; or, if with a Foreign Office man, it is at the host's own expense; else the Controller disallows an item in the official's account—just to save Mr. Labouchere trouble over the Estimates!

A SUMMER GLOAMING ON LOCH LEVEN.

Nine has struck on the clock of the quaint old tower of the Burgh-hall of Kinross. You are fully a mile distant, in your boat on the loch, yet, in the deep hush of the twilight, you hear the faint treble of the old, unpretentious bell which has struck the hours, pealed loud and shrill on days of jubilation, and tolled for the dead, for nigh two hundred years. Cast in Mechlin, in Belgium, when that city and Louvaine furnished the bells for half the cathedrals and churches in Europe, it has swayed and pealed since the days of Queen Anne over the heads of each succeeding generation of the burghers of Kinross. The quaint, old-world town itself, with its picturesque spires and church-towers, and brown, antiquated houses roofed with red tiles, is of all the world like those charming old towns which lie scattered all through Flanders between Antwerp and Ghent. The venerable yews around the churchyard on the horned margin of the lake, the great avenue of stately beeches and immemorial elms leading up to Kinross House, one of the finest specimens in existence of a Scottish palatial mansion of the seventeenth century, and the smooth belt of the lake between your boat and the old town—the still water lying clear as a mirror, and reflecting in burnished glory the cloud-bars of the amber west—make the illusion complete.

The hush of eventide has fallen upon lake and land. You have for the moment ceased rowing, and the only sounds that break the stillness are the lapping of the wave-lets against your boat; the hum of the belated bee as it hurries over your head, or the laughter of the youths and maidens under the beeches on the common by the margin of the lake. Hush! there is a sound richer than anything you have yet heard. It comes floating over the water from the Castle Island yonder—the sound of a woman's rich contralto voice.

The belt of light along the north-western horizon has changed from light green to a dim amber along its lower verge, but this tint gradually loses itself the higher it ascends, until it is merged into the cold dominant blue above. All through the summer night this bright belt of light lingers on the rim of the horizon, silently creeping from the west round by the north, and at dawn meeting Aurora radiant in the east. See how it outlines the rounded summits of the Ochils, clear and defined, as if carved by chisel sharp and sure. You have just time to trace their ridges from Glen Devon to Glen Farg, when you are recalled to your immediate surroundings by a ringing sound coming from the stretch of shore to your left, which lies under the looming shadow of Benarty. It is the sharp, jaunty call of sandpipers. Listen! it comes as near the running of arpeggios as birds can. Again and again they pipe, and again and again the cry is taken up and passed along the shore, till the long dark line of the sullen bay seems girdled by an unbroken chain of musical jingling; and then, as if they had got their hearts' desire, they stop their piping and their spasmodic flight, and settle down on bank and cove in somnolent, dreamy silence till they are awakened again to their ringing and jingling flight by the eerie "tu-whoo" of the owl upon the battlemented tower of the Castle yonder, which in the dark days of Scotland was the prison of the hapless Mary Stuart, or by the hoarse, strident cry of the heron sailing slowly into the night.

You take the oars again and row through the silent, sleeping lake towards Castle Island, for one year the prison of Mary Queen of Scots. You have not gone far when the gibbous moon slowly mounts over the shoulder of Benarty, and at once bridges the lake with a silvery pathway which lengthens on your track as you sail onward. Soon you reach the historic isle, whose margin is fringed with alders, willows, and waving sedges. As it looms out of the ghostly twilight which the north still holds, you unconsciously hush your oars, feeling that, in hoary tower and ivied walls, in moss-grown courtyard and ruined hall, there lurk ghosts—the souls of historic men and women of days long gone by. You seem to be compassed by the spirits of bygone generations, who lived and loved there in the dreamy past, but who are now all gone, like a fleeting shadow, or "as a watch in the night." So effectually do these forms of the ghostly dead possess you that you never think of asking why the charm of those grey ruins before you is so potent; you feel spellbound, and you have no desire to escape from the bewitching thrall. Is it not natural, as you gaze upon the hoary towers peering out of the eerie twilight, that your mind should revert to that memorable and historic night-scene, now more than three centuries ago—the dramatic incident in the life of Mary Queen of Scots, so picturesquely described by Scott in "The Abbot"? "Why did ye not muffle the oars?" said Roland Graeme; "the dash must awaken the sentinel." . . . The sentinel, whose slumbering had withstood the whispering, was alarmed by the dash of the oars. His challenge was instantly heard "A boat! a boat! Bring to, or I shoot!" As they continued to ply their oars, he called aloud, "Treason, treason!" rang the bell of the Castle, and discharged his harquebuss at the boat. The ladies crowded on each other like startled wild-fowl at the flash and report of the piece, while the men urged the rowers to the utmost speed. They heard more than one ball whiz along the surface of the lake at no great distance from their little bark; and, from the lights which glanced like meteors from window to window, it was evident that the whole castle was alarmed and their escape discovered.

The whole scene is enacted again before your mental vision, and you are in living touch with one of the most romantic events within the range of history. But the night has fallen, and eleven has struck upon the old clock upon the tower over yonder. Let us row to the shore.

A. L.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

I told my readers at the beginning of the London season that the leading point in fashion was the mixture of black and white, and this has not only been maintained during those busy months of society in town, but is being carried on to the seaside dresses which are now in order. During the Cowes week, the way in which black and white were mingled in the smartest dresses was very striking. White serge was the most frequently adopted material. Its roughish surface—though the smoothest kind of serge is generally chosen in that colour—seems to "turn the dirt," as the shopkeepers say, and whereas the smooth-face cloths soon look soiled, the other ever-useful fabric will stand real wear and tear. A good dress is in white serge, made in the ordinary sailor fashion, with a full but plain skirt, and a deep turned-down collar faced with black satin, and showing a white top vest. Another is a white serge with alternate rows of black and white braid inch-wide round the skirt, ending a little above the knee with a row of rosettes of the two braids alternately; the bodice is a little coat of white serge, with deep revers braided to match, with alternate white and black narrow braid; a blouse of white silk, with a Swiss belt of black braid stretched across from whalebone supports so that the white silk is seen between the rows of black, is provided to be worn under the open coat. Those little open-fronted coats are still the leading fashion for all such dresses, perhaps two out of three of those made by good houses being in that style. The coat is made rather long for seaside wear, and fits closely in to the shape at the back, and all varieties of blouses may be worn under. It is this fact that makes the style so attractive, since we all love variety, and in the case of most clothes get heartily tired of the monotony of them before they will wear out enough to be conscientiously discarded. The possibility of producing so many changes as can be done with a black, navy, or white serge skirt and loose-fronted coat by having a number of vests, silk, cotton, and muslin, loose-fitting or closely shaped, trimmed or plain, makes the charm.

A white serge, absolutely untrimmed except that the seams were all piped with the narrowest line of black satin on the skirt, and that the bodice had a similar black satin line facing down to the centre on each side so as to give a tiny vest effect, was uncommonly smart-looking. Another had an open coat over a blouse of shot green and gold silk, relieved by a "bib" of white chiffon edged with lace; this was becoming to the wearer, but a little incongruous. Nevertheless, there are many women who like to wear smart things at the seaside. So one lady took to Cowes a dress of black faille completely veiled in black net, on which were worked clusters of pansies in natural colours, a similar embroidery was draped over the full sleeves, and was drawn as a full vest down the front of the plain faille bodice. Another had a blue serge skirt, with a loose blue coat that had very wide revers faced with white silk, elaborately embroidered with gold; a white silk shirt was worn under, together with a shaped belt embroidered in gold to match the revers. But such extremely showy garb has not so characteristic, and, consequently, so really stylish, a look as plainer and more serviceable wear.

Alternatives to the long coat are made in the shape of short "coatees," and zouave, or, as they are now more often called, "bolero" jackets. These outline a slender figure better than the looser coats, and, so far, are preferable. A pretty one was of cream serge worn over a pink silk blouse, with a plain cream skirt and a series of pink silk rosettes trimming it round near the waist. Another white serge had a "coatee" cut very short at the back, which gave it a smart effect, and very full puffed sleeves, that were cut off at the elbow, where white lawn sleeves, fitting to the lower part of the arm, and matching (indeed, being part of) the vest, appeared to the view very prettily. A pink tie was the only relief of colour in this charming white costume. A short "coatee" of blue serge, barely reaching to the waist at the back, and worn over a plain serge skirt, was combined with a pretty vest of white-and-blue striped foulard, with a yoke of the same striped stuff cut on the cross, and trimmed with insertion of white lace laid over blue silk ribbon; a narrow belt of white folded silk and a rosette finished off the waist.

Holland and linen (or as they are now fashionably styled, "flax") dresses are a great deal worn; but, of course, next summer they will be absolutely unseen, and already the fancy is getting a little common. The gowns, too, though extremely pretty when absolutely new and fresh, especially those in "butcher blue" linen, are very soon tumbled, and then they look mere rags at once. Of course they will wash, but they proclaim the fact when this has been done as plainly as if the laundress's account was pinned on to the shoulder, and they do not look smart then. A dark-blue "flax" dress, double-breasted, fastening with large white pearl buttons, and having a tiny white linen front, looked as if it would be serviceable. Another, a white holland gown, had a black moiré facing to the loose coat, and a moiré belt; and, on inspection, the dress proved to be lined throughout with that costly silk—a gross extravagance, and a purposeless one, for a dress of washing material has no "reason for being" if it be obvious that it cannot be treated to a cleansing process.

Of course there are not any fresh fashions at present. The streets of London are given over just now to the American visitor and the country cousin, who fondly but very erroneously suppose that they see town if they come at this time of year. A great shopkeeper once said to me that all such houses as his might as well shut up for the whole of August and September if it were not for the American visitors; but they buy largely, and the shop-windows are dressed for their special benefit. So it is out of the question to know what will really be produced in some six weeks' time, when the interlude is over and Londoners begin to return and to order their autumn things. One fact, however, I have on excellent authority, and I mention it for the benefit of those who like to be in advance as far as possible: it is that the panier is going to return to favour. The winter stuffs are not favourable to excessively wide sleeves, and they and the present spreading skirts will both be curtailed, while the little drapery on the hips called a "panier" will give novelty.

ART NOTES.

Those who visited the Paris Salon this year could not fail to have been struck by the effect of Mr. J. H. Lorimer's "Ordination of Elders," a simple but impressive service of the Scotch Church. The picture, by its subject not less by its serious treatment, stood out as a sort of protest against the garish, meaningless work by which it was surrounded; and it is satisfactory to know that its power and value were appreciated not only by the French jury, but also by the French art critics of the highest class. The picture has now been reproduced by a process known as "electro-gravure" in a way which does ample justice to the original, and conveys admirably the fine play of light and shadow by which the oil picture is distinguished. The Swan Electric Engraving Company, which has executed this work for Messrs. Aitkin, Dott, and Co., of Edinburgh, shows that our British electro-gravure can hold its own against the rival processes of Berlin and Paris. The publishers have, by their enterprise, moreover, rendered a service to art by introducing to the public the "Swantype" process in a

and action which has been the privilege of Englishmen for countless generations. If English taste has not always been good, a sense of comfort or prosaic fitness, well in keeping with the national character, has never been absent even from our dreariest street architecture. It may be that with more enlightened minds we shall see our towns more picturesque; but we should be sorry to see them drilled into the formal masses of brick or stone which Mr. Cawston would have us adopt. Perhaps the most painfully barbarous feature of his plan for the "reformation" of London is the manner in which he proposes to treat our parks. We are quite willing to allow those who enjoy the smug trimness of the Trocadéro or the Champ de Mars a right to enjoy their opinion, but we protest against their right to destroy the real sylvan beauty of Hyde Park and other not less attractive breathing spaces in the centre of our metropolis.

Travellers by the Smyrna and Aidin railway—for it is fair to assume that at this season all railways will receive more or less patronage from wandering Britons—will find it worth their while to stop a few hours at a small station,

engrave on wood, but his efforts—if we may judge from the specimens reproduced in Mr. Burr's volume—were not such as to merit revival. The quotations from the doctor-draughtsman's diary, on the other hand, are not wanting in quaint interest, for his life, which extended over nearly a century (1775-1870), gave him the opportunity of watching the development of his native country in wealth and culture, and he was endowed with quick observation and a facile pen. The manuscript, however, which is preserved in Columbia College, has been but sparingly quoted; and it is to be hoped that if anyone solicitous of Dr. Anderson's fame should again set himself to work, he will bring the worthy doctor before us as the diarist, and not as the engraver or artist.

M. Roybet, as is probably well known, was this year awarded the *médaille d'honneur* of the French Salon for his fine picture of "Charles the Bold at the Sack of Nesle." The huge canvas occupied the whole wall space at the top of the staircase, and could not fail to strike the attention of the most listless. It represented a frightful massacre



"ORDINATION OF ELDERS IN THE SCOTTISH CHURCH."

By J. H. LORIMER, A.R.S.A.

manner which will gain for it grateful recognition from those who have felt dissatisfied with the toneless results of so many photographic methods of reproduction. The merits both of the original picture as well as of the resources of electro-gravure will be seen on this page.

It is satisfactory to find that, so far, Mr. Cawston's "Comprehensive Scheme for Street Improvements in London" (E. Stanford) has failed to stir the sympathies of the London County Council, the Clerkenwell Vestry, or even of the Chief Commissioner of Works. The last-named official has been credited, rightly or wrongly, with being inspired more than any other English Minister with devotion to the aims of the late Baron Haussmann and with admiration for the works of M. Alphand. But, happily, these feelings are not shared by any considerable body of faddists, and do not seem in danger of being adopted by either Moderates or Progressives, or of being turned to use as party capital in Parliamentary or municipal elections. London may not boast the beauty of some foreign cities, but it far surpasses all in its individuality. The irregularity of its streets and houses is, even in the eyes of foreigners, typical of the personal liberty of opinion

Sondoushi, near the bridge which crosses the river Meander. On a neighbouring rock is a well-preserved bas-relief, representing a body, probably that of a king or chieftain, borne on a chariot, preceded and followed by men on horseback. This idea of typifying the final journey was common to many countries where Phœnician influence obtained, and it was commonly worked out, as in the Phrygian and Hittite monuments, with a certain rough force. In this monument, recently discovered by M. Chamenard, the subject is, however, treated in a thoroughly Greek spirit, and it would suggest that at a quite early period the plains of Asia Minor were the meeting-place of the two currents of art—the Asiatic and the Greek—each of which reacted upon the other, until the superior finish and beauty of the latter won the mastery.

The fashion of making heroes in books of the least conspicuous of one's fellow-countrymen is not confined to this side of the Atlantic, but perhaps the eagerness to make the book precedes the reason for making the hero. Mr. F. M. Burr's elaborate work, "The Life and Works of Alexander Anderson, M.D.," is a case in point. Dr. Anderson may or may not have the credit of being the first American to

going on in the midst of a church—of which the desecration was enhanced by the appearance of the Duke himself fully armed and on horseback. With regard to the technical qualities of the picture, no fault can be found. It was boldly conceived, vigorously painted, and picturesquely grouped. But it aimed at being an historical picture, and as such it claimed to be judged, not as a work of pure imagination. It will, perhaps, be difficult to understand the reason which induced M. Roybet to go out of the way to rewrite history, but, as a matter of fact, the Massacre of Nesle never took place. After the taking of the town by Charles the Bold in 1472, a number of free-lances (*francs-compagnons*) were ordered to be executed, and some of them were undoubtedly killed within the precincts of the church. There is, however, not the least ground for the scene depicted by M. Roybet, where men and women seeking sanctuary were brutally outraged and murdered with all the horrors of war as in the days of the Visigoths. Nesle was a very insignificant place, and was inhabited by a very homely set of people, and had M. Roybet stuck to historical truth and accuracy, he would have had to suppress all his love for velvet dresses, rich brocades, or golden ornaments, and without these his talents as a painter might have run the risk of being overlooked.



VI.—THE DELIGHT OF MOONLIGHT.

(Contributed by one who prefers to remain anonymous.)

The question which you put to me in your letter seems to me to be absolutely spiteful. How can you ask me what I find to be the dearest delight in the world? Am I cheerful? Do I look like a man who is hugging a secret joy to his breast? Have I any trace of that silly optimism which makes the novel conventional and the individual happy, and is the strongest bar in the way of the social and intellectual improvement of mankind? Most emphatically, no. You know me too well to suppose anything of the kind. I am old, evil-tempered, used, practically past; what delight could I have?

Yes, it is quite true that I read a great deal. But do not imagine for one moment that I get any pleasure whatever from literature. The delight of reading does not exist for a man who, like myself, has failed to write. I hate the badness of books; I only envy the goodness of them. It is the same with the other arts. You know how I have toyed with all of them, and accomplished next to nothing. The real achievements of any art only make me miserable and envious; anything less disgusts me. As for the coarser pleasures, the pleasures of excess, there is a great deal to be said for them, but they do not wear; I am never excessive now. It was well said that we do not leave our vices but our vices leave us. There still remain the pleasures of heroic and domestic love—those finer emotions. Well, I have, as you know, been married three times, and I have a fairly large family; neither my wives nor my children have ever interested me very much. I should say that love was, as a rule, overrated.

There was a time when I thought differently. I was younger and less experienced; consequently, I was less able to judge values correctly. Circumstances, too, were in my favour. My income at that time was small; any man with a small income is liable to the horribly crude pleasure of an occasional treat. It seems almost incredible to me now, but I believe that at that time I actually had an occasional treat. Now, the very words seem to me inseparable from an address at Clapham or Wandsworth. I am never occasional now. One day is like another; I can always have all that I want, and I never want anything very much—except the ordinary physical comforts. I am regular; regularity is the one thing by which I keep hold on life—this life that I detest and dare not leave. My valet knows how regular I am; I can appeal to him on that point, and he will corroborate my evidence.

And yet, if you must have an answer to your question, I am quite willing to own that I like some things more than others. I even believe that I like one thing more than any other, and that, I suppose, corresponds to your simple fellow's dearest delight on earth. At the same time, I hardly expect you to believe me when I tell you that my dearest delight is the moonlight. I dined in great state and greater solitude to-night; the great state is not important enough to make it worth while to give it up. Then the evening post, with your letter in it, was brought to me, and it set me thinking. I thought for a long time, for I fancy that everyone has gone to bed except myself and my man. I have thought it out, and I know that I am speaking the truth: it's the moonlight that takes me. I can explain this curious fact, and I will do so carefully.

When the simple and direct pleasures die it is a mistake to suppose that one is left without any pleasure at all. There still remain the pleasures of reaction. There is, perhaps, no keener agony than that emotion which is called fear, yet one of our greatest novelists has shown us—correctly, I believe—that fear may be the one remaining pleasure for those who have lived too long and appreciated too much and too often. Well, in the same way, the things that commonly make for sorrow may, in so extreme a case as my own, make for delight. Do not misunderstand me; deprivation of any one of my physical or intellectual comforts would give me no delight. I do not speak of deprivation, but of bereavement. My dear Sir, I cannot love any more; I am past it. But if I could, and if I could suffer the loss of love or of the loved one, that loss would be a distinct, quiet, consolatory pleasure. I should say, "I have appreciated once more," and die happily. Now, that is part of the reason why I revel in moonlight, but you will not understand me until I have spoken of the other part.

I am sick of a great many things; but the one thing of which I am most sick—which I do most abhor and detest as a stale, dull fad—is the attack which some straining epigrammatists make on the middle classes, the English *bourgeoisie*. I do not deny that the English *bourgeoisie* is virtuously dull; but the only distinction between the *bourgeoisie* and the epigrammatist is that the epigrammatist occasionally professes to despise virtue. Stop!—they are not dull in quite the same way: the *bourgeoisie* is all night, and the epigrammatist is all fireworks. But both are equally ineffective. It is, I suppose, from reaction that I sympathise with the middle classes. Their penny-Japanese-fan culture is the saddest thing under London's foggy sky. It is the ghost of the movement of 1881 still walking in Bloomsbury parlours—horrible, desperate. That does not matter, because the middle classes—and the middle classes alone—do not want to be happy. Their religion does not make them happy; the middle class and middle-aged lady weeps at the melodrama; her daughter cries her eyes out over the latest novelette. The middle class alone has any memory. I have never been able to care very much about anyone; but if I had loved and lost, I should have done my best to forget as quickly as possible. The middle

classes have the mourning card printed—sometimes they frame it, and hang it up—they persist in bringing flowers and keeping the grave tidy, even after a lapse of years. Some times they break their hearts: only the middle classes have hearts. I do not say that I can enter into all, or any, of this. I have already hinted that I cannot; yet my dearest delight—if it is to be reasonable at all—must be affected by my liking for sorrow and my sympathy with the middle classes.

It is just here that the moonlight comes in. The ritual lives long after the religion is forgotten; the symbol survives the thing symbolised. The ritual of the middle class gloom is merely moonlight. The middle class likes to see its finest views by moonlight; if it gets passionate it does so by moonlight; it enjoys its bereavements best by moonlight—the pale light on the cemetery and the suggestions of some dimly illuminated land beyond. The novelette, if it would prosper, must mention moonlight; the oleograph must represent moonlight; and on the stage, when the melodrama is at its height, the mimic moon goes up like a rocket, a very little slower, and the hero comes on like a stick, and the fiddles tremble, and the pit sobs.

That is my point. I never miss a moonlit night. It is all quite reasonable, I think. The capacity for feeling a delight as a delight is gone from me; thanks to reaction, I could enjoy a simple, gentle, practical sorrow, as sorrow itself is dead to me—age has ruined my emotional palate. I get along very well with its symbol—the moonlight. You will probably tell me that I am decayed—which is English for *décadent*—but I cannot help that. All I can say is that, with the help of moonlight on the water and a little imagination, last night I nearly managed to break my heart. I did not quite succeed, but the sensation, while it lasted, was charming.



I have thought it out, and I know that I am speaking the truth: it's the moonlight that takes me.

"BOUND SADLY HOME."

BY WALTER RAYMOND.

It was all a fraud. The forage-cap, on one side of his narrow head, the worn-out livery coat with epaulettes, even the leathern strap, suspending from his shoulder his box of knavish wares, affected a military air and countenanced his lies and deceptions.

The face was not repulsive even now. Some distinction appertained to the heavy moustache; and the hollow beneath the high cheek-bone, the crow's feet around the eyes, the tanned weather-beaten ruddiness of his complexion, might have betokened honourable service in poisonous swamps or under burning skies, instead of shifty footsore wanderings with alternate hours of want and wickedness.

He dragged himself to the dusty grass beneath the "Five Ashes" at the four cross-roads. He was faint, for the hill had tried him, and sat panting, with his back against a tree. Then he opened his box and began rolling infallible pills between his filthy finger and thumb. Their composition was a secret, but doubtless they did some people a lot of good.

For twenty years his heart had never softened with a sentiment, his soul never quickened with an aspiration, and now, his wandering eye, resting on a finger-post across the road, mechanically read—"Upton. Leigh. Sutton-Darey."

All so familiar once, and the last his birthplace!

A strange impulse, absolutely unreasonable, for recognition might still be dangerous, took possession of him.

He hesitated. But the longing to know overcame his judgment like the craving of a vice.

"And the farm at the foot of the hill. Who lives there?"

"Mr. Craddock, be sure. Varmer William."

"When I came this way before, somebody—people called Sandford."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Abs. "Then you be a woldish bird, not hatched last summer. Why, the old man have a-bin dead these twenty year. An' the maid married Varmer William, an' he took on the farm. But years avore she thought to a-married one Jack. But he took to ho'se-racen, so 'tes said, and signed somebody's name an' bolted. Never didden hear no more o' he. But you be a old file. What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

John Craddock nervously rose, straightened his back, and fell into his familiar patter.

"Yes. I'm an old soldier, wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol, and starved at Cawnpore; and when I'd spilt my blood and ruined a fine constitution in the service of my native land, they gave me my discharge and threw me upon the world without a penny. But, happily, among the prisoners taken by the British forces in that memorable war was the private physician to the Rance of Jhansi. Seeing me writhing with rheumatism—to which, gentlemen, I was then a martyr—his feeling heart confided to me, under an oath of secrecy, the inestimable blessing of a never-failing remedy. These pills, gentlemen, taken in time, are a reliable cure. If you have ever seen crooked legs, stiff arms, or a back as bowed as a reaping-hook, take a couple of these pills—four-and-twenty in each box. The price is twopence; and

Without a word she disappeared, but came back, bringing also a cup of cider.

"Isn't this Mr. Craddock's?"

"It is."

"I knew one of that name once. Jack Craddock. We were chums. I was by when he was killed. I've got something of his now."

"Killed?" she echoed, trembling.

"Yes. It was in the trenches before Sebastopol."

She gave a sharp cry and sank into the stone seat in the porch.

A burly figure came from the house. "What's this? What's this?" he blustered, and seized the tramp by the collar and shook him.

"Don't, William," pleaded the woman. "It's nothing. He has done nothing."

He shuffled nervously into the high road, and stood there in the twilight beneath the pale summer stars. Had she recognised him? He could tramp no farther that day, and again he slunk across the yard and climbed into the wagon. At dawn he would trudge on—far from the village—out of the district.

At daybreak came the horses, but they did not wake him.

"Here's thik tramp-feller. God! He's dead! What dost zay, Abe?"

Abe solemnly said, "Noo fear!"

PROSPECTS OF GREECE.

The recent opening of the Isthmus of Corinth Ship Canal, which was noticed last week, is expected to begin an era of increasing commercial prosperity for the Hellenic or Greek Kingdom. Its progress of late years is ably described, with abundance of exact statistical information, in a volume which Messrs. R. Bentley and Son have just published—"Greece under King George," by Mr. R. A. H. Bickford-Smith, M.A., late student of the British School at Athens. We cannot agree with the author in encouraging the visionary idea of a future extension of Greek rule to Constantinople; but the existing kingdom, since the annexation of Thessaly and part of Epirus in 1881, contains over two millions of the Greek race, in the full enjoyment of freedom under a very democratic Constitution, and with as good an opportunity as any other small nation of making the best of their country. Fruit-growing, especially of the grape-vine, the currant, and the olive, seems to be its chief agricultural occupation; the corn grown is not enough to feed its own people. The export of currants to England has been largely increasing for several years past, mainly from Patras and the north shore of the Peloponnesus, and from the isles of Cephalonia and Zante. Mineral wealth, especially lead and silver from the mines of Attica, forms an important commercial export, about half of which comes to England. The Austrian Empire is the second to Great Britain in the amount of its trade with Greece; Italy and France do considerably less. The Greek commercial marine already numbers a hundred steamers and nearly five thousand sailing-vessels, with 30,000 sailors, including fishermen. There is much enterprise and activity in the formation of Greek joint-stock companies. The railways from the Piræus, the port of Athens, to that city; from Athens to Corinth and to different provinces of the Peloponnesus; and to Thebes, and northward in the direction of Thessaly, will probably all become remunerative, and will certainly be beneficial to the country. We should infer, from Mr. Bickford-Smith's statements, that with prudent State finance and with a strict avoidance of schemes of political and territorial aggrandisement, the Hellenic kingdom, whose people are second to none in Southern Europe for energy and intelligence, may gain a high degree of domestic welfare. Their zeal for education and their patriotic care for the relics of classical antiquity merit especial approbation.

The Duke and Duchess of York have communicated to the Lord Mayor of London their desire that the Mansion House fund subscribed for a wedding gift to their Royal Highnesses should be applied to purchase tapestry for the decoration of their residence at St. James's Palace.

The stage-coach from Ilfracombe to Lynton, near the Valley of Rocks, on the North Devon coast, was upset by the horses running away on Friday, Aug. 11, and the driver and several passengers were much injured, but fortunately no one was killed. The horses leaped over a precipice.

Alarming riots and fierce fighting between Hindoos and Mohammedans broke out in the city of Bombay on Aug. 11, a day on which their popular religious festivals happened to coincide in time. The Moslem congregation at the Jumma-Musjid, annoyed by the Hindoos beating their tomtoms, sallied forth and attacked them. Troops were called out to assist the police. Over fifty rioters were killed.

The ascent of the Matterhorn, which has had a tragical reputation since the frightful death of Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. C. Hudson, and Mr. Douglas Hadow, in 1865, cost two more lives on Aug. 7—those of a young Swiss gentleman, Andreas Seiler, and Johann Biner, a guide, who were tied together with a rope. They had gone up from the Italian side with another gentleman, Mr. Oscar Gysi, and two other guides. One slipped, and both fell a depth of 3000ft. They were, of course, instantly killed.

The action for libel brought by Messrs. Allan, ship-owners, of Liverpool, against Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, M.P., secretary to the National Amalgamated Sailors and Firemen's Union, for publishing false and calumnious statements, in February last, concerning the treatment of crews in the employment of the Allan Line Steam-ship Company, has been tried at the Liverpool Assizes. It resulted, on Aug. 9, in a verdict for the plaintiffs, with £200 damages. The libellous statements accused the Allan Company of tricking seamen and firemen into the signing of agreements which made them "bond-slaves" for twelve months, and declared that when "this degrading system of serfdom" was resisted, the company manned their ships with unskilled and unfit casual labourers from the large towns. Placards were issued warning passengers not to cross the Atlantic in those vessels.



"Yes. I'm an old soldier, wounded in the trenches before Sebastopol, and starved at Cawnpore."

An irresistible desire to see the place again, even though it were by stealth at night. From the boughs above his head came the "pink! pink!" of a chaffinch, and through the filth and fog of quarter of a century of evil, indistinct in the fumes of drink and smothered in its own futility, gleamed a reminiscence clear and sharp as the bird's note:

An old farm-house, thatched and stone-built, with mullioned windows. In the garden a tall pear-tree with yellow buds glistening in the early spring, and beneath a youth with a gun, peeping to get a shot. Then a man in breeches and hose, elderly but hale, drawing half-humorously, "Why, Jack, my bwoy! Thy shots do het off more buds than all the chaffingers."

The old people must be gone now. For Jack was the youngest and the favourite five-and-thirty years ago.

Muttering against his own folly, he slung on his box and limped along the Sutton road.

At evening he entered "The Cups," an inn on the outskirts of Sutton. Everything was as formerly. The same bench and stools, the same oak settle by the hearth. Two labourers playing at shovel-board called each other familiar names, and the sing-song of their voices brought back the past.

"What parish may this be, please?" he asked.

"Zutton," replied both Abs and Abe.

"A large village?"

"Tidden zo terr'ble large."

"Small?"

"Tidden zo wonderful small."

Satisfied with the subterfuge of these questions, he sat down, and continued eagerly—

"Any o' the name of Craddock live here now?"

"Craddock, eh?" grinned Abs. "What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

I guarantee, if kept dry, the contents will never deteriorate. Thank you, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

His glibness had been successful, but, ill at ease, he shuffled on to the old house with the pear-tree. A silver-maned colt was reaching over the paddock-rail, the image of the roan mare they used to call "Rube." All was quiet and prosperous, and in the garden path stood the familiar figure. He slunk into the shadow of the churchyard wall. Yet it was only Dick, grown into the substantial staidness of his father's place.

He went to the low thatched house standing all askew, with the stalls and the wagon-shed where he and Dorothy used to meet. He would sleep that night in one of the wagons. It was scarcely dusk, but the life came back quite clearly. Work was over, and nobody would come, so he went in and climbed up out of sight.

He heard a light step and peeped over the tail-board. There stood the Doll Sandford of years ago, with budding womanhood beneath the open neck of her print frock. She had run out in haste. Her lips were parted. He could see her face looking towards the gate into the orchard. Then came a firmer step—just as when they said he was too wild for their Dorothy.

"I mustn't stay to-night, Jack."

"A few minutes, Doll."

"The maid's out. Mother 'll miss me."

"Doll!" "Jack!"

They kissed close by the wagon-wheel and were gone.

He could not help it. Come what would, he must go to the house; and presently he crossed the yard, entered the porch and knocked.

"Nothing to-day, thank you," said a sharp voice through the partly opened door.

He remembered the Craddock rule, never to give money nor refuse bread. "Will you give me a bit to eat?" he begged.

DOES HUMAN NATURE ALTER?

BY ANDREW LANG.

The first of modern historians, Thucydides, remarks that his study of events in Greece will illustrate human nature "as long as the nature of man is the same." It is tolerably clear that, in his opinion, human nature will always be the same, and everyone who reflects at all must often ask himself, Was Thucydides right? The great political and social changes of the world do not disprove his theory. Men revered the chief or the king, were loyal to the clan or the nation. Now the clan, as an ideal, is dead, the nation is dying; it is to the trades union and the class leader that the majority are loyal. But this shows no change in human nature: it only shows a change in men's views of their own interest: a change in organisation.

Again, nothing is more common, or apparently more just, than the assertion that we must judge the people of the past by the current morality and practice of their age. It is added that morals and practice have now altered, and have improved immensely. The two chief points insisted on by advocates of the notion that human nature has altered are the idea of cruelty and the idea of honour and good faith in politics. Yet, even in these obvious matters it is most difficult to come to a conclusion. Take the case of cruelty: you have Assyrians, Romans, Red Indians, massacrings and torturing their captives taken in war. Assyrians, civilised men, and Pawnees, uncivilised men, are on a level of abominable wickedness; David of Israel was as bad (he could not be worse), according to sacred history. The Roman treatment of prisoners—"How cold are thy baths, O Apollo!"—turns us chill with horror. The Middle Ages show an improvement here. Captives in war are held to ransom, and are treated with courtesy. But were the Middle Ages less cruel than Pawnees, Hebrews, Romans, or Assyrians? Obviously the mediæval tortures inflicted on political prisoners, witches, and heretics were as nefarious as any known to ancient or savage conquerors. Nothing is changed but the victims. Then you find Covenanters torturing witches, Episcopalians in England or Scotland torturing Jesuits, wizards, or Catholics at large. You find Covenanters burning naughty little boys alive; you find William and Mary just as ready with the "boot" as James II. was. Then the burning of witches slowly dies out, as the educated class becomes sceptical. Political torture hardly lasts much beyond the atrocities committed on the Jacobites in 1746. But the hangman still flogged men and women through the streets, and the pillory endured. As late as Molière's day it was a holiday to see a criminal put to the question. The cruelties of the French Revolution prove that the rack might have gone out, but human nature had not become milder. Then think of the horrors of our jails and Australian penal settlements! These abominations and those of American slavery do not suggest that man is really of milder mood. Here, too, came humane reform: the pillory, the flogging of negroes, the rack, the disembowelling of political opponents are all extinct for the moment, but mobs still occasionally burn a negro criminal alive. Then consider the records of the Society for the Protection of Children. These awful pages prove that human nature is now rather below the Pawnee or Assyrian level. The facts about bullying at school are unfit to be told. One is reluctantly driven to believe that there is only a thin veneer of humanity, that the brute in mankind is what he always has been. An educated minority has shifted the scene of cruelty; has removed some classes of victims, captives in war, poor old women, political adversaries, from the sweep of whip, flame of fire, from the torture-pole, and the rack. So far, well; but it does not follow that men's hearts are altered. The gladiatorial games would be as popular to-day as before the monk Telemachus died if it were not for the sensitive minority who preach and print and palaver in Parliament. After all, one would liefer see a Zulu fight a Maori in a circus than scald or beat or starve a poor little child, as many use. The Zulu and the Maori would enjoy the contest: so would the spectators if only they had the chance. The great *fond* of human nature is really unaltered as far as cruelty goes: we can only do our infinitesimal best to keep altering it, as not without hope.

If we turn to political morality, we see no great cause for exultation. Take the case of Marlborough, who is generally held up as the ideal traitor. It may fairly be argued that he was merely a man of his age, who now shows worse than most, merely because his genius was more splendid and his opportunities were greater. He was King James's creature, his led captain, and he deliberately demoralised James's army, corresponded with James's son-in-law, perhaps, or probably, conspired to hand the King bodily over to his rival, certainly deserted him in the night, after making profession of fidelity. William was not firm on the throne before Marlborough was intriguing with James, probably meaning to throw him over again in the interests of Anne and of his own advancement; and after Anne was Queen he intrigued with the Chevalier de St. George. As a man, a subject, a soldier, a statesman, he was false to the core, but *que voulez vous?* He was not more deeply and more often stained in falsehood than Charles II., James II., William of Orange; and beside Sunderland he seems a Bayard. But can we say, in face of the memories of Dundee, Montrose, Lochell, Wogan—nay, of the honest troopers who left their traitor leader with William and returned to James—that all men were traitors, that loyalty was dead? Clearly we cannot say so: politicians were false—and what are politicians to-day? Give them Marlborough's opportunities, and we shall see whether or not human nature has altered.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2567 received from B K Roy (Calcutta) of No. 2570 from R Syer (San José), of No. 2571 from Frederico Suarez (Havana), of No. 2572 from E W Brook, W Miller (Cork), Emile Frau (Lyons), J Wynn, J M K Lupton, and Captain J A Challice; of No. 2573 from W P Hind, J Marshall, Dr F St, A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), A J Habgood (Haslar), and J Ross (Whitley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2574 received from M A Eyre, W P Hind, James Wynn, J M K Lupton, H B Hurford, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Emile Frau, A Newman, A H B, E C Weatherley, John Meale (Mattishall), Stirlings (Ramsgate), Martin F, R H Brooks, G R Conyngham, W Lillie (Marple), Henry Byrnes (Torquay), C E Perugini, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), A W Hamilton-Gell, J C Ireland, Admiral Brandreth, Dr F St, J Ross (Whitley), J Marshall, W Miller, E Emmerton, A J Habgood, G T Hughes (Athy), C M A B, T R Lee, Dawn, E Loudon, L Desanges, Shadforth, E E H, Sorrento (Dawlish), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), G Joicey, Myles Taylor Crook, T Roberts, W Wright, R S Brandreth, Alpha, Andrew B Grant, Joseph Willcock (Chester), S A Row, F J Knight, Julia Short (Exeter), W R Railem, Hiereward, W R B (Plymouth), T G (Ware), Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Kate Street, A McClinton, and J Hall.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2573.—By H. F. L. MEYER.

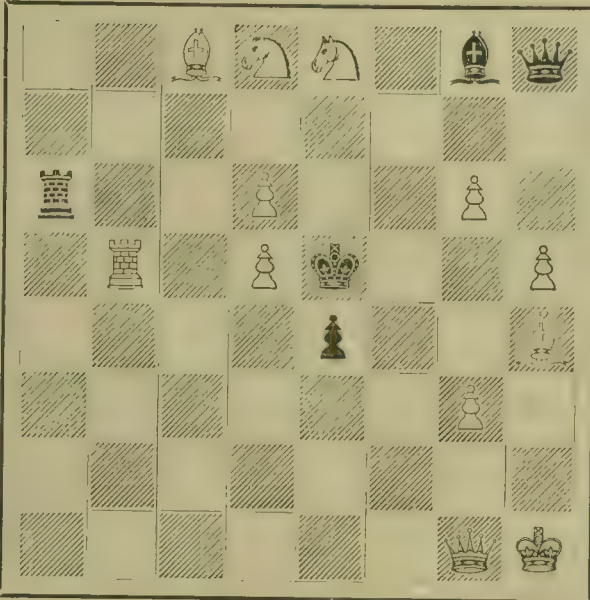
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt sq B to R 5th
2. B to Q 5th (ch) K takes B, or moves
3. Q or P mates

If Black play 1. R to B 5th or K to Q 6th, 2. B to K 4th; and if Kt at R 5th to Kt 5th or B 4th, then 2. Q to B 5th (ch), and 3. B mates.

PROBLEM No. 2576.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

The following games were played in the Counties Chess Association meeting at Woodhall Spa. (English Opening.)

WHITE (Rev. A. B. Skipworth) (Dr. Smith) BLACK (Rev. A. B. Skipworth) (Dr. Smith)
1. P to Q 4th P to K 3rd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd
In some forms of the close openings the order of certain moves matters little. As, however, White must of necessity Castle (K B, if at all) it may be better first to bring out the K Kt, followed by P to K 3rd, P to Q 4th, &c., as in the present game.
3. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd B to Q 3rd
And now Black has the better development.
5. P to Q 4th Castles
6. P to B 5th P to K 2nd
7. B to Q 3rd B to Q Kt 3rd
8. P to Q Kt 4th
Very bad. P takes P was the only move, but that was scarcely satisfactory.
9. P takes P P takes B P
10. P takes P B takes P
Obviously the net result of all is a distinct advantage to Black.
11. Castles B to Kt 5th
12. B to Kt 2nd P to B 4th
13. R to B sq R takes P
14. B to Kt sq Q to K 2nd
This move turned out badly. It was, it seems, necessary to get rid of one of
15. Q to B 2nd
A fine move this, threatening Kt takes P. The defence is by no means easy. Possibly B to Q sq was best. If then 16. Kt takes P, P takes Kt, 17. B takes Kt, Q takes B, 18. Q takes R P (ch) K to B sq, and e. capes.
15. Q to B 2nd
16. K R to Q sq Q Kt to Q 2nd
17. Kt takes P Kt to Q Kt 3rd
A move which displays much chess genius and at once turns the tables.
17. Q Kt takes Kt
18. R takes Kt
Threatening to win by B takes Kt
18. P to Kt 3rd
19. R to Q 3rd B to R 3rd
20. R to Kt 3rd
With the persistent intention of winning the two pieces for Rook, which cannot well be avoided by Black, after which the game is won, but it was prolonged for some time. The game reflects much credit upon Mr. Skipworth.
20. Kt to Q 4th
21. P to Q R 3rd P to B 5th
22. R takes B P takes R
23. Q to B 3rd P to B 3rd
24. P takes Kt, and White wins.

Game played between Messrs. E. O. JONES and C. J. LAMBERT.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to K Kt 5th B to K 2nd
5. B takes Kt B takes B
6. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q R 3rd
7. B to Q 3rd P to Q B 4th
A defence advocated by Mr. Lasker and adopted by him in several games. It has the immediate effect of breaking up White's Queen side Pawns, but the ultimate effect is not so clear.
8. P takes B P takes Kt (ch)
9. P takes B P takes P
10. B takes P Q takes Q (ch)
11. R takes Q P to K B 4th
12. B to Q 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
13. P to B 6th P takes P
14. Castles
Kt to Q 4th was played here by White in a previous match game.
14. K to K 2nd
It was better to Castle, but the Pawns cannot easily be defended.
15. K R to K sq
16. B to B 4th
17. Kt to K 5th
18. R to Kt sq
19. B takes R P
A pretty move, and, it will be noticed, perfectly sound. After this the game plays itself, White having the superior position.
19. B to R sq
20. B to B 4th K to B 3rd
21. R to Kt 6th P to B 4th
22. Kt to Q 3rd R to Kt 2nd
23. P to K B 4th P to K 4th
24. Kt takes Q B P takes P
25. Kt takes K P Kt to Q 2nd
26. R to Q 6th Kt to K 4th
27. Kt takes B P (dis ch)
A very good finish. White plays with accuracy throughout.
27. K to Kt 4th
28. Kt to R 3rd (ch) K to R 5th
29. R to R 6th (ch) K to Kt 5th
30. B to K 2nd (ch), and wins.

The annual meeting of the Counties Chess Association was brought to a successful conclusion at Woodhall Spa on Aug. 4. After a keen contest the first prize was won by Mr. E. O. Jones with a score of 5½ games; the second by the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, 4½; and Messrs. Blake and Trenchard divided the third prize with 4 games each. It is proposed to hold a handicap tourney at the same place some time in October next, when it is expected that some of the English masters will compete. Intending competitors should write at once to the hon. sec., the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle.

According to ancient custom, the Queen has forwarded to the Lord Mayor four fat bucks from Bushey Park, and to the City Sheriffs three bucks. This usage had its origin in the times in which the City had rights of hunting in the royal forests and parks. Similar presents are made in the doo season in January of each year.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

There exists an account, given by the famous Humboldt, of the capture of the electrical eel, or *Gymnotus*, by the South American Indians. This account has been largely copied into natural history works, by reason of its being invested with the authority of the great traveller. The gymnotus, by-the-way, was the eel on which Faraday experimented with reference to its electrical powers. It represents, along with certain other and different fishes, a very curious modification of muscle and nerve, to which allusion will be hereafter made. Humboldt, in describing the capture of these eels by the Indians on the llanos of Caraccas (where the famous traveller laid the scene of his narrative) spoke of the driving of horses into the pools or waters in which the fishes abound. The eels were described as attacking the animals, and as giving them shock after shock, so that the horses rushed hither and thither, with eyeballs staring and manes erect. When the eels had thus exhausted their electrical energy on the horses, they retired to the sides of the pools, and could then be taken out by the Indians without fear of consequences. I am writing away from any references, but in the main I fancy I am strictly correct in my interpretation of the famous traveller's description of the capture of the eels.

Now, a writer has recently given a different version of the matter. It is stated that the Indians capture the eels not by means of horses, but by aid of nets. Furthermore, the Indians wear indiarubber gloves, which, I suppose, serve as insulators, so that the fishes can be taken without any risk of their captors being "shocked" in a very practical fashion. The writer in question says that the eels could not be captured by the horse-method—in a word, Humboldt's account is alleged to be incorrect. This is in itself an interesting story, because it carries a certain moral lesson with it. The first point for discussion is, how came Humboldt to write such an account, if, as the most recent information I have quoted alleges, horses could not be used to capture the eels? This difficulty may be explained either on the assumption that once upon a time horses were so employed, or on that which might hold that Humboldt got his description secondhand. I do not know whether Humboldt gives the account as that of an eye-witness of the scene, but, in any case, it is somewhat of a puzzle to reconcile the old statement with the new. Some of the readers of *The Illustrated London News* may be able to help me here.

The second point involved in this recital includes the moral of the story. If Humboldt's classic account is proved to be utterly wrong we shall, of course, give it up. In science, to part company with error costs us not a thought. Many a cherished belief or theory has had to be thrown overboard before now, and science has been all the better for the riddance. The truth is what we want, and what we all try to attain. Persons who sneer at science seem to lose sight of this fact. They dearly love to twit scientists with the exploded views of the past, forgetting, very conveniently, that it is Science herself that detects the errors and renounces them. I once knew a man who had Bathybius on the brain, and who never could steer clear of this organism any more than Mr. Dick could keep Charles the First's head out of his famous memorial. Bathybius was believed to be a low protoplasmic form of life covering large areas of the ocean-bed. It turned out to be an artificially produced compound of lime, formed after the deep-sea dredged deposit had been manipulated for preservation. Well, we had to give up Bathybius. Science renounced it after the discovery (by science) of the error of observation. My late friend got it into his head that Bathybius was a most trite example of the folly and danger of scientific speculation. The most innocent remark on my part about, say, evolution, or, indeed, anything else, cause him to fling Bathybius at my head. "Remember Bathybius!" was his one and constant cry. It was to him, poor soul, a beacon-light warning the simple-minded off the shoals of scientific delusions.

We may find some cavillers who will treat Humboldt's account of the capture of the eels in like manner. The one reply to all such nonsense, as I have said, is to remind them that to own our errors is to be wiser to-day than we were yesterday, and that science has no interest in holding to anything for the service of mankind that is not true. People don't get such a great deal of certainty in other affairs of life, that they can afford logically to sneer at science, which tries to test all things, and which walks with careful footsteps along what is not by any means a "primrose way"—the path of discovery and research.

Turning to the electrical eel itself once more, we find its electrical organs or batteries in its tail. These organs are really modified or altered muscles. In the eel, part of the tail-muscle is altered, and part remains unchanged. One authority tells us that there are no fewer than 60,000 cells in the eel's battery. The actual source of the electrical energy is, of course, the fish's nervous system. The battery is to be looked on simply as a means for converting its nerve-force into electricity. In the same way, our muscles (or the muscles of any other animal) are organs for converting the energy derived from our food into motion; and it is on an analogous principle that in light-producing animals nerve-force is transformed into their effulgence. It is interesting to find that in the electrical eel there are bands of muscles which have not yet arrived at electrical maturity. If this anatomical fact be rightly interpreted, the gymnotus of the future may be a very much more powerful "shocker" than the representative of the species to-day.

I observe that a jellyfish is said to live in Lake Urumiah, the water of which contains a greater proportion of salt than the Dead Sea itself. In a note written some months ago in this column, I referred to the jellyfish found in an African lake. There is also a fresh-water jellyfish found in the pond of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Regent's Park, this last being evidently an importation. Jellyfishes are typically marine organisms, as everybody knows; hence it is of extreme interest to find them inhabiting inland lakes. In Lake Urumiah, it is said by Mr. Curzon, there are no fishes or molluscs, and the jellyfish appears to be the sole denizen of its salt waters.



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NEW MUSIC.

"Two Songs," from the pen of Hope Temple, reach us from Boosey and Co. They are the latest efforts of this popular and talented young composer. The first, "Auf Wiedersehen" (a fragment), is a poetic setting of Longfellow's words, and is altogether so full of beauty and grace that it makes one regret there is not more of it. The second, "Queen of all the Roses" (words by J. Langbridge), is sparkling with brightness, and has a pretty melody in three-four time, which is certain to win favour. From the same firm we have "Roses and Tears," words by George J. Hicks, music by A. H. Behrend, a fairly good song for bass or baritone. "All for the best," by Clifton Bingham and Franco Leoni, is an exceedingly pretty-love song, with an attractive refrain. One of the many pieces inspired by the royal wedding is a "Marche Nuptiale" by H. Launcelot Warneford. It is well written and effective.

From Charles Woolhouse we have received a couple of good songs by E. Overbeck. "Toi" is a dainty *morceau*, and "Since my love now loves me not" is a graceful setting of Heine's poem. Both are dedicated to Miss Esther Palliser. "Twilight," by J. Jacques Haakman, is melodious and pleasing. Four pieces for pianoforte (published separately) by Ulric Nadjé command a special word of praise. They are entitled "Ninon Minuet," "Pioneer Mazurka Fantastica," "Russian Romance," and "Gavotte Moderne." They are all equally easy, tuneful, and effective.

An "Album of Eleven Songs," English and German, by Edward Hake, is sent by the London Music Publishing Company, Limited. These are well written and high class, and will doubtless be welcomed by tenor and soprano vocalists. Two songs, "Alas!" and "Evening Lullaby," by J. Spawforth, are original and melodious, while the same composer's "Sweethearts for ever," words by Thomas Ward, has a refrain, and is written in popular style. Among the dance music received from this firm we like Theo Bonheur's "Sweetheart, come back!" an arrangement as a waltz of Sinclair Dunn's song.

From Alfred Hays.—"Mother's Birthday," by Marmaduke E. Browne and Isidore de Solla, has nothing but a tuneful waltz refrain to recommend it. "St. Sunniva" is a brilliantly written mazurka for piano, by Rebecca Howland; and "The Zither" is a characteristic sketch for the same instrument by Claudius H. Couldery.

We have received from Novello, Ewer and Co. a copy of the lovely marriage hymn, written by the Rev. S. Flood Jones, composed by William Creser, which was sung at the wedding of the Duke of York and Princess May; also a "Second Impromptu" for piano, by Walter J. Lockitt—a beautifully written little piece—and Sir Joseph Barnby's charming bridal hymn, "O Lord of All Creation," composed for the royal wedding.

A bright, cheerful song, from the pen of Mary Augusta Salmond, is "When all the world," a setting of Kingsley's words, and the same composer's "Dear, if you change" is tuneful and effective. They are published by Weekes

and Co. Among other pieces received for review we notice a "Grand bridal march" by Tigrino Salvati, published by Goodwin and Tabb; "Souvenir," a descriptive fantasia of the royal wedding by John Pridham (Walter Whittingham); and a simple, pretty ballad entitled "Past and Present" by Hughes Reid Davies (Keith, Prowse and Co.).

"Two Sonatinas," for pianoforte, by Walter Carroll, are sent to us by Forsyth Brothers. They are well written, easy, and suitable for beginners. This firm also sends, among other pieces, a good "Romance in A," for violin and piano, by J. T. Field; the last of "Six Giggles," for violin, by Arcangelo Corelli; a fairly good song by J. Clippingdale (words by E. Oxenford), entitled "The Final Rest"; and "Red Riding Hood," a charming little operetta for children, by Bernard and Arthur Page.

Among a bundle of miscellaneous music we notice a musicianly song entitled "Violets," by Clifton Bingham and Erik Meyer-Helmund, also an effective semi-sacred song, "The Plains of Peace," music by D'Auvergne Barnard, words by Clifton Bingham. The last has a harmonium accompaniment. Both are published by Bosworth and Co., who also send a melodious "Ave Maria," by Charles Santley, which should please the cultivated amateur. A waltz with a good swing in it is "Queen of the Seas," by Pierre Perrot, who is responsible, too, for a stirring polka called "The Salute." From the same firm (Paterson and Sons) we have a somewhat ordinary song, with the title "Bride of my Heart," by Dr. J. G. McPherson, whereof the piano accompaniment is arranged by George W. Lingard. We have received from J. Williams an album of "Polish Dances" for piano, by F. Morgen, which are highly attractive and altogether well written. "Florete," an operetta for treble voices, by Agnes Bartlett, has a libretto founded on Grimm's fairy tale, by Audrey Mayhew Allen. This pretty little work should become popular among young folks. Pianists will like A. E. Horrocks' tuneful "Boat Song" and "Mazurka," and Frances Allitsen's bright "Doushka"—a polka mazurka. The only song sent by this firm is pretty and quaint. It is entitled "A Question," words by Dr. Emmens, music by George Fred Moran. A graceful song is "Where summer roses blow," by Edward Somerset; and two other songs from Doremi and Co., which ought to take the public taste are B. Palmieri's "Queen of the sea" and H. Trotère's "No lips can tell." Vocalists who like songs with refrains will find a pretty one in "An old-world story," by Walter Taylor. A word of praise should also be bestowed upon "Loved evermore," by Fanny Puzzi (words by Edward Oxenford). It is simple yet effective. From J. and J. Hopkinson we have "Studies in pianoforte technique," by Arthur Somervell, a useful book; a bright song by Gerald Lane, entitled "Carmencita"; and some charming violin pieces by Joseph L. Roedel entitled, "Six miniatures musicales." The London Music Publishing Company send, among other music, "Manna," a good sacred cantata by the Rev. J. Powell Metcalfe, M.A., and John Naylor; and "Hercules," a musicianly march for organ by H. G. Trembath.

An exceedingly clever concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, by Sigismond Stojowski, and "Deux Caprices-études," by the same composer, reach us from Stanley Lucas, Weber, Pitt, and Hatzfeld, Limited. Among other pieces we have received the only ones worthy of notice are a "Pianoforte Tutor," by Florence Wickins (Wickins and Co.); some numbers of "The Organist's Magazine of Voluntaries" (edited by E. Minshall); a well-written sonata for piano and violin, by Arthur Hinton (Breitkopf and Hartel); a valuable selection of "Studies" by J. B. Cramer, with comments by Beethoven, edited by J. S. Shedlock (Augener and Co.); a nicely got-up book of "Songs and Ballads of Northern England," edited by John Stokoe, arranged by Samuel Reay (Walter Scott, Limited); a taking song, entitled "To Night" by Mrs. Walter Parr (Orpheus Music Publishing Company); a song entitled "Better so!" written in the ever-popular waltz time by Max Schröter (St. Cecilia Music Publishing Company); and lastly, a good Unionist patriotic song, "The Old Tattered Flag," by Richard Morton and J. Macnicoll.

MURDER OF SWEDISH MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

The *North China Daily News* brings some details regarding the murder of the two Swedish missionaries, the Rev. Messrs. Wickholm and Johansson, at Sungpu, on July 1. Sungpu is a market town of some 20,000 inhabitants, about sixty miles from Hankow, on the great road to Peking, and has hitherto had the reputation of being friendly to foreigners. The Swedish missionaries thought it would be a favourable place for their labours, and accordingly hired a native house some months ago as their headquarters for the district. At first they got on with the people remarkably well, but they gradually perceived that an agitation was being got up against them, and the natives who had let them the house were imprisoned and beaten. Representations were at once made on the subject to the authorities at Hankow, and the prisoners were liberated, but this seems to have increased rather than calmed the agitation, and rumours were put about that on July 1 the foreigners would be exterminated. The rumours were not credited, but they turned out to be only too true. Early on the appointed day a crowd, composed of men from neighbouring villages and led by hired assassins, assembled in front of the mission and attacked the building. The missionaries had soon to retreat, and found a refuge first with their landlord and afterwards in the garret of an adjoining house. Here they were discovered, and when attempting to escape by the roofs they were intercepted by four men armed with iron rods and were compelled to jump down into the street, where they were speedily despatched in a manner too revolting to be described. Nearly a week afterwards their naked bodies were still lying where they had fallen, and the local authorities were unable or unwilling to interfere. After some hesitation the Taotai of Hankow sent a small force to recover the bodies, but nothing had been done towards bringing the culprits to justice.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 2, 1891) of Mr. Henry Parry Gilbey, late of The Pantheon, Oxford Street, who died on Dec. 12, was proved on Aug. 4 by Mrs. Catherine Gilbey, the widow, and James Blyth, the nephew, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £464,000. The testator confirms the settlement made by him whereby he made provision for his four sisters; and he gives £1000 and all his household or residential goods, furniture, plate, pictures, books, horses, carriages, chattels and effects to his wife; £6000 per annum (to be reduced to £2000 per annum in the event of her marrying again) to his wife, for life; his residence, 51, Portland Place, with the stables, and his residence at Stanstead to such uses as his wife shall appoint, and in default of such appointment to his wife, for life, and then to go with his residuary estate; £1000 per annum, upon trust, for his son, Percy Shepherd Gilbey; £10,000 each to his daughters, Mrs. Laura Southard Riviere and Mrs. Ada Kate Bellew; and legacies to his coachman, butler, and gardener. As to the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for each of his said daughters.

The will (dated April 7, 1891), with two codicils (dated April 20, 1891, and Sept. 29, 1892), of Mr. David Benjamin, late of 86, Westbourne Terrace, who died on June 25, was proved on Aug. 1 by Henry David Benjamin, Edward David Neville, and Lionel David Benjamin, the sons, Samuel Edward Moss, and Arnold Abraham Keith, five of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £250,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to the Jews' Synagogue, Burke Street, Melbourne, of which he laid the foundation stone; £100 each to the Board of Guardians for the relief of the Jewish poor (Devonshire Square) for the Esther Benjamin Boot Fund, the Bayswater Synagogue, the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (Lower Norwood), the Public Hospital (Lonsdale Street, Melbourne), and the Melbourne Jews' Aid Society for the Esther Benjamin Boot Fund and the Esther Benjamin Loan Fund; £50 each to the Society for the Relief of the Indigent Blind of the Jewish persuasion and the Jews' Society for the Relief of the Aged Needy; his best diamond ring which he wears on rare occasions to the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler; and legacies to the ministers and beadle of the Bayswater Synagogue, and to his butler, coachman, lady's-maid, house-maid, and other servants. There are also legacies to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Sarah Solomon, and nieces; provisions as to the keeping up his house for his unmarried children and said sister-in-law; and specific gifts of presentation plate to sons. The residue of his real and personal estate in England, the Australian Colonies, or elsewhere, he leaves upon trust for all his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 1, 1890) of Mr. Richard Walmsley, J.P., late of Lucknam, near Chippenham, Wilts, who died on May 26, was proved on Aug. 9 by Mrs. Anne Eliza Walmsley, the widow, John Walmsley, the son, and William Rowcliffe, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £66,000. The testator bequeaths £11,000 and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures

(except "The Adoration of the Magi," by Carlo Dolci, which he specifically bequeaths to his said son) effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £1000 to his said son; £1000 each to his sisters, Ellen Mary Henrietta Walmsley and Ann Katherine Emma Soltau; and some other legacies. All his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates in the county of Lancaster he devises to the use of his wife, for life, and then to his said son. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his son, John Walmsley. The testator states that on the occasion of his son's marriage he settled upon him certain real estate in the county of Wilts.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and codicil (dated, respectively, Feb. 10, 1876, and July 15, 1892), of Mr. Andrew Thomson, timber merchant, of 21, Chester Street, Edinburgh, who died on May 31, granted to Mrs. Martha Wilson or Thomson, the widow, Alexander Thomson and Mitchell Thomson, the brothers, Alexander Wilson, and Miss Eliza Liddell Thomson, the daughter, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on July 26, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £66,000.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1889) of Mr. Charles Bickers, late of 256, Fulham Road, who died on May 26, was proved on Aug. 4 by Rudolph Stanley Edward Doll, Charles Fitzroy Doll, and George William Drew, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £63,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Bickers; £200 each to his great-nephews and nieces; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life. At her death there are specific gifts of many freehold and leasehold properties, and stocks and shares to or upon trust for each of his eight nephews and nieces, Henry William Doll, Rudolph Stanley Edward Doll, Charles Fitzroy Doll, Emily Mary Perry, Honor Victoria Wilson, George William Drew, Emma Mary Drew, and Helen Rebecca Stephenson; and the ultimate residue of his property the testator gives to them in equal shares.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Ernest Richard Charles Cust, D.L., late of Castle Rock, West Cowes, Isle of Wight, and of Arthingworth, Northamptonshire, who died on May 9 intestate, a bachelor, were granted on July 31 to Miss Emma Augusta Charlotte Cust and Miss Florence Henrietta Cust, the sisters and two of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £58,000.

The will (dated Feb. 8, 1889), with two codicils (dated April 23, 1890, and May 26, 1893), of Dame Margaret Wilmot Horton, late of 63, Sloane Street, who died on June 20, was proved on Aug. 1 by Robert Benjamin Ussher, William Small, and Sir Francis Henry Laking, M.D., the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £35,000. The testatrix bequeaths all her jewellery, household goods, furniture, pictures, books, &c., to her adopted daughter, Mrs. Mary Ussher; £200 and an

annuity of £300 to her niece, Fanny Elizabeth Murray Carson; £1000 to her maid, Anna Maria Sewell; and legacies to other of her servants and others. All her real estate and the residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for the said Mary Ussher, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated April 12, 1893) of Mr. William Johnston, late of 43, Cambridge Road, Hove, Brighton, who died on June 23, was proved on July 20 by Robert Alexander Johnston, the nephew, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £29,000. The testator gives all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property to his said nephew, and £3000 to his niece, Miss Constance Sarah Tucker Johnston. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his said niece for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Jan. 4, 1881), with three codicils (dated Oct. 29, 1883, March 31, 1887, and Aug. 25, 1891), of Miss Marian Barker, late of Upper Wandle House, Wandsworth, who died on July 3, was proved on Aug. 1 by John Costeker, William Costeker, and Miss Elizabeth Stedman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix gives £300 to the Vicar and churchwardens of All Saints', Wandsworth, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the purchase of blankets, flannel, and coals, to be distributed at Christmas in each year among the poor, as they shall think most in need and deserving; her freehold residence, Upper Wandle House, and all her plate and plated articles to her cousin, Edward Burgoyne Cureton; and liberal legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves to Jane Simpson, Elizabeth Stedman, Maria Stedman, Ann Stedman, and Harriet Stedman, in equal shares.

The will (dated May 13, 1880) of the Rev. Henry Hugh Higgins, M.A., late of 29, Falkner Square, Liverpool, and of Turvey Abbey, Bedfordshire, who died on July 2, was proved on July 29 by Henry Longuet Higgins and Charles Longuet Higgins, the sons, and Miss Helen Maude Longuet Higgins, the daughter, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £10,000. The testator leaves the mansion house Turvey Abbey (subject to the life interest therein of Helen Eliza Higgins), the manor of Turvey, and all his real estate in the counties of Bedford and Buckingham, charged with various annuities and legacies to his wife and other children, to his son Henry Longuet Higgins. The remainder of the provisions of the will are in favour of testator's wife and children.

The will of Mr. Edward Martin Hopkins, F.R.G.S., formerly of 3, Upper Berkeley Street, Portman Square, and late of Orchard Dene, Henley-on-Thames, who died on April 20, was proved on July 26 by Major Manley Ogden Hopkins, R.A., the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6778.

The will of Mr. Joseph Reade, late of Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire, who died on March 13, was proved on July 28 by Frederick Holden Turner and Joseph Reade, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6176.

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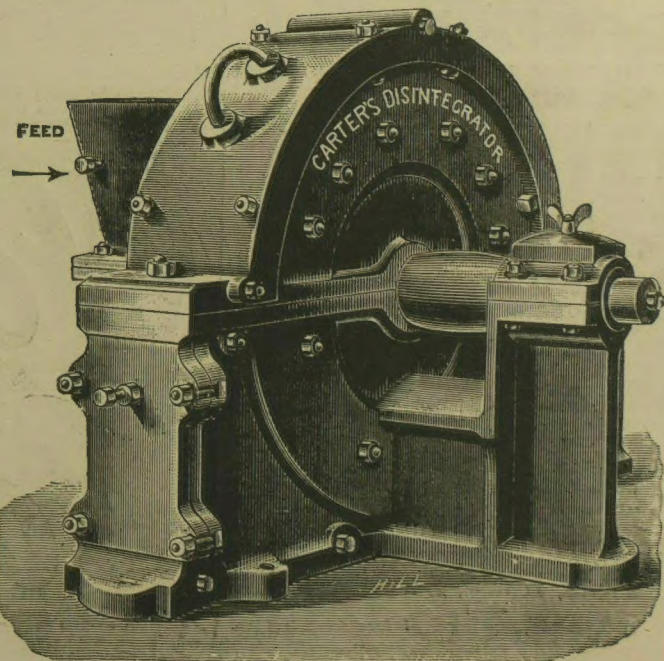
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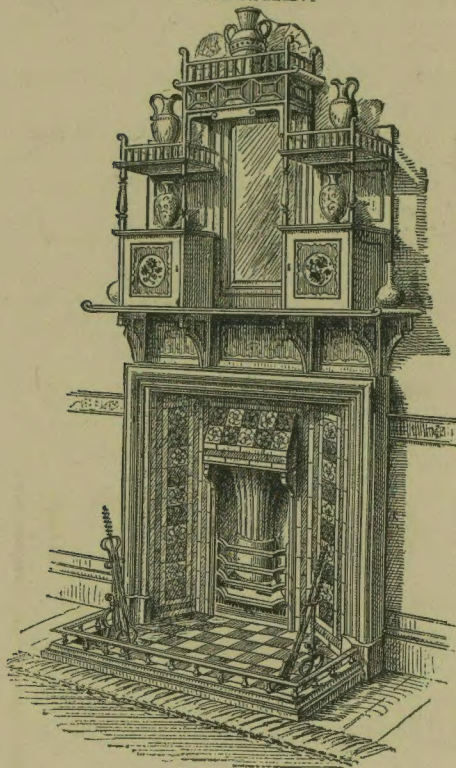
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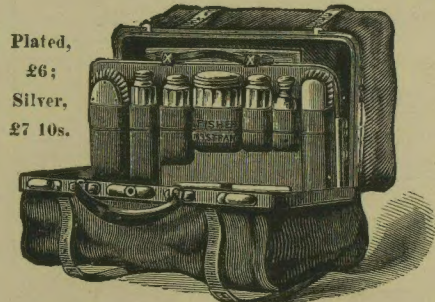
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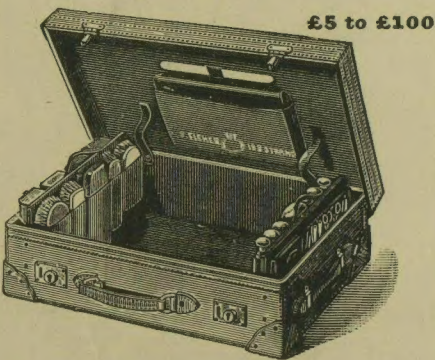
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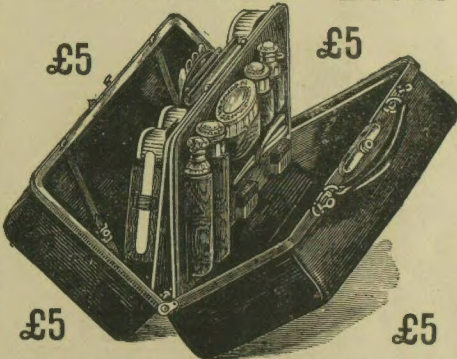
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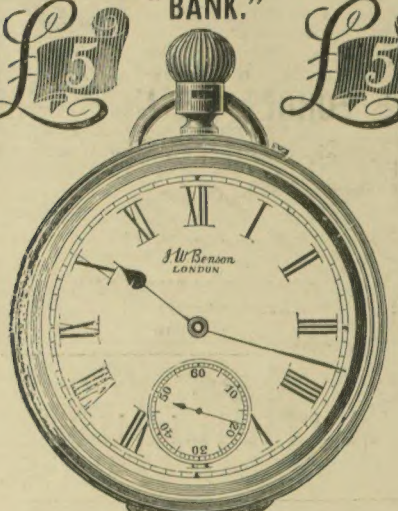
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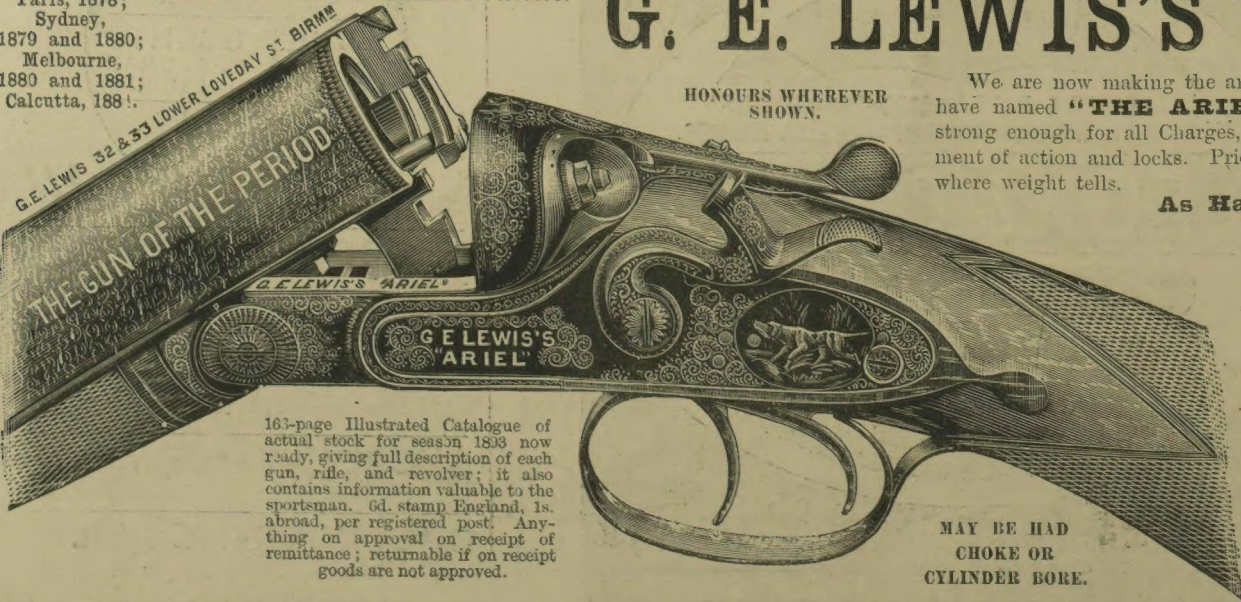
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